

THE NEW YORK LEADER

DEVOTED

CHOICE LITERATURE

ROMANCE

THE NEWS

COMMERCE

VOL. XIV.

R. BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
NO. 41 ANN STREET.

NEW YORK, APRIL 17, 1858.

TERMS, \$2 PER ANNUM,
IN ADVANCE.

NO. 6.

BIRTHDAY REFLECTIONS.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

It will be over soon. Another year
Is gone, and its low knell is tolling now
O'er the wide ocean of the past.
Alas!
I am not as in boyhood. There were hours
Of joyousness that came like angel-shapes
Upon my heart, but they are altered now,
And rise on memory's view like statues pale
By a dim fount of tears. And there were streams
Upon whose breast the sweet young blossoms leaned
To list the rush of music, but their depths
Are turned to dust. There too were blessed lights
That shone, sweet rainbows of the spirit, o'er
The skies of new existence, but their gleams,
Like the lost Pleiad of the olden time,
Have faded from the zenith and are lost
Mid Earth's cold mockeries!

How all is changed!
The guardians of my young and sinless years
No more are dwellers of the earth. Their tones
Of love oft dwell upon the twilight breeze,
Or wander sweetly down through mists and dews
At midnight's calm and melancholy hour,
But voice alone is there! Apos of thought
Come o'er me then, and, with a spirit won
Back to my earlier years, I kneel again
At young life's broken shrine.

The thirst of power
Has been a fever to my spirit. Oh,
Even in my boyhood, I was wont to gaze
Upon the awful cataract rushing down
With its eternal thunder peal, the lone
Expanses of Ocean with its infinite
Of dark blue waters roaring to the heavens,
The night-storm fiercely rending the great oaks
From their rock-planchettes, the giant-clouds
Waving their plumes like warriors in the sky,
And daring their quick lightnings through the air
Like the red flash of javelins—ay, I was wont
To gaze on these and almost weep to think
I could not match their strength. The same wild thirst
For power is yet upon me; it has been
A madness in my day-dreams, and a curse
Upon my being; it has led me on
To mingle in the strife of men; and now
A myriad foes have left upon my name
The stain of their vile breaths.

Well, be it so!
There is a silent purpose in my heart,
And neither love nor hate nor fear shall quell
That one fixed daring. Though my being's stream
Gives forth no music now, 'tis passing back
To the great fountain in the skies, and there
'Twill rest forever in the ocean tide
Of God's immensity. I will not mourn
Life's shrouded memories. I can still drink in
The unshaded beauties of the universe,
Gaze with a soul of pride upon the blue
Magnificence above, and hear the hymns
Of heaven in all the starry beams, and all
Gleam, vale and wood and mountain with the bright
And glorious visions poured from the deep home
Of an immortal mind! Past year, farewell!

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by
ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District
Court for the Southern District of New York.

ROSALIND HUBERT;

OR,

THE HILLSIDE TRAGEDY.

A STORY OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN
TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XVI.

A NEW MOVEMENT.

As soon as the visitors were gone, Patty went
up to Rosalind's room. She found the wretched
girl upon the bed, as Albert had left her.
"Rosalind," she said, with considerable feeling,
"don't take on so. I can't bear to see you do it."
"Bear?" repeated the girl, starting up and gaz-
ing wildly about her. "Oh! what must I bear!
Woman, you never knew what it was to suffer as I
suffer now! Within this hour I have passed an
ordeal a thousand times more agonizing than
death itself! I have felt my heart break—I have
had my soul tortured by a pain that drove me
mad! Oh! just heaven, have mercy on me!"

"Don't, Rosa," urged Patty, passing an arm
about her neck. "Why can't you try to hope? You
were wise not to go away with that young man.
He was a fine-looking man, and I don't doubt he
loves you truly, and perhaps one of these days this
trouble will all blow over, and then you can go
where you please. But if you'd gone with him
they'd a took ye, sure. Did ye tell him what ye'd
done?"

"No."
"And ye was wise there, too, Rosa. Ef ye'd a
told him that, he'd 'ave been as miserable as could
be."

"He is miserable enough as it is."
"But what d'ye suppose he thinks is the matter
with ye, Rosa? What d'ye suppose he thinks was
the reason ye wouldn't go with him?"

Rosalind gazed into the woman's face with a
look of terror. Then she clasped her hands upon
her brow, and groaned in agony.

"Oh! my soul!" she cried, "would to God I
had told him all! I did not think!—I did not think!"

"Ye're crazy, girl."
"I shall be! Oh! What a terrible doubt may
rankle in Albert's bosom. He may think me lost!
He may think that the being he has so fondly
loved has been touched by a taint so foul, that all
the prayers of a lifetime cannot remove it! Oh!
if he knew the truth—if he knew that my crime
was done to save my honor!"

"Well—he may know it some time, Rosa. I
wouldn't take on so about it."

Again the poor girl sank down upon the bed,
and hid her face in the pillow. Patty stood and
gazed at her for some moments in silence, and
then left the room. She could not offer consola-
tion, and she could not bear to see her suffer.

"I tell ye, Michael," she said, with decision in



THE DISGUISE AND FLIGHT

her tone, "one of two things has got to be done.
Either that girl has got to be taken away from here,
or else I must help her. I can't bear it any longer.
I wouldn't see a dumb beast suffer so. It's
too bad!"

"She does suffer a good deal, don't she?" re-
turned the pawnbroker, in a meditative mood.
"It's beyond all tellin', Michael. I never see
such sufferin' afore, and I don't never want to see
it again."

"Well—I'm sorry, Patty, but it can't be helped
now. I've made a handsome little sum by it—I've
bled old Gondam freely. You shall have fifty dol-
lars for your own when the girl goes."

"Fifty, Michael?"

"Yes—in hard money."

There was something tangible in this sort of
consolation, and Patty said no more upon the sub-
ject. Still her thoughts were at work, and she
could not drive the poor sufferer from her mind.

All night long Rosalind lay in a sort of painful
stupor, and when the first streaks of dawn appear-
ed in the east, she was aroused by a rap upon her
door. She started up in terror, for she had heard
a man's step, and the thought of an officer of the
law was the first to flash upon her mind.

"Rosalind—are you up?"

It was her uncle's voice, and she answered—
yes. The door was opened, and Thomas Gondam
entered. He started back in alarm when he be-
held the girl's face, but no spark of remorse burn-
ed in his bosom. He feared that she would be
crazy, for her wild look, as she first glanced at
him, gave token of a mind that could bear but
little more.

"Poor Rosa," he said, drawing her towards him.

"Yes," she faintly replied, gazing up into his
face. "I have suffered more than I can tell. Oh!
how could you be so cruel?"

"I have not been cruel intentionally, my dear
child," Gondam spoke with all the kindness he
could assume, and still kept his arm about the
girl's shoulders.

"Oh, uncle, you have killed me!" Rosalind
continued, in a reproachful tone. "What had I
ever done that you should treat me thus?"

"Rosalind, I freely acknowledge that I have
done wrong—done very wrong—but this is not
the time to explain. You shall yet think better of
me. It is a long, strange story. However, let me
now make such reparation as lies in my power,
and I hope to deserve your gratitude, as I now de-
serve your censure. I have come to take you to a
place of safety."

"Will you take me away from here?"

"Yes. You can be safe here no longer."

"And where will you carry me?"

"Where the sharp-eyed officers cannot find you."

"Oh, mercy! What a fate! Would they hang
me if they could find me?"

"Alas, my child, I fear they would."

Rosalind clung to the base man for support.
She did not see the evil that lurked in his heart.
She only felt that he would help her. In all the
world he was the only one to whom she could now
turn. Those who might have sacrificed all for her
good could not know of her great necessity. She
was as a broken reed, crushed and bruised, wait-
ing the power to help herself, constantly haunted
by the awful gallows, and fearing danger in every
strange sound.

"Would it not be better," she said, "to give
myself up at once? Oh! they would not convict
me of murder! They could not! This suspense
is terrible. I cannot bear it!"

"Ah, Rosalind, you know not of what you
speak. They would convict you of murder, and
then you know what would follow. Think of the
fearful stain that would hang upon your name,
and—"

"Stop! oh, stop!" the poor girl shrieked in ter-
ror. "I cannot bear it! Oh! if I could die!"

"You shall be saved, Rosa. Come—courage

now, and get ready to go with me as soon as you
can. We must be off at once, before the people
are stirring in the streets."

"And you will carry me away from the city?"

"Yes—of course. There can be no more safe-
ty for you here. I have friends in the country
who will give you shelter. Now, how long will it
take you to get ready?"

"A little while—a few minutes."

"Then go at it at once, while I step down and
see Mr. Ludders."

There was a slight sense of relief in the thought
of leaving the city, but it brought no joy. The
girl's soul was shut in by a cold, dark dread,
which hung about her like a pall, and turn which
way she would, only shadows, ghastly and threat-
ening, met her gaze. The one great thought
which was present all the time, swaying her with
irresistible power, and to which all other thoughts
were secondary, was of the gallows! Patty had
talked to her so much of it, and Michael had held
it up before her so continually, and her uncle had
given her such assurance of the danger, that she
did not question the thing now.

Rosalind was not long in preparing for her
journey. She bathed her aching brow, and combed
out her disheveled hair, and then put on the dress
she had selected to wear. In a little while
Gondam came up, and the pawnbroker with him.

"Have you packed all your things into your
trunk?" asked the former.

"Yes, sir."

"That's right. Take it along, Michael. Now,
Rosa, come."

She gave her hand to her uncle, and descended
the stairs. In the dark passage she met Patty.

"Good-bye, Rosa," the woman said, and then
she added, in a lower tone—"Don't hate me al-
ways. I hope God'll be good to ye."

"Thank you, Patty."

"I do hope so," she cried, seizing the girl's
hand as she spoke. "I hope ye may prosper, and
—I hope I may some day be able to help ye. I
do, Rosa."

She spoke feelingly and honestly, and Rosalind
kissed her upon the cheek.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Gondam, "we're all
ready."

The girl followed him out through the office,
and in the street she found a coach waiting for
her. The horses were large and powerful, and
the driver was a dark-complexioned man, buried
up in a great box-coat. Rosalind glanced up into
his face as he turned towards her, and she was
sure she had seen him before. There was a familiar
expression in the eye, and a turn of the broad nose
which was not new to her.

"Be careful, dear," said Gondam, in a hurried
whisper. "Cover up your face. Let no one see
it."

She drew her hood down with a startled move-
ment, and hastened into the coach. Gondam took
a seat by her side, and the pawnbroker shut the
door.

"Who is that man driving?" Rosalind asked,
as the coach started off.

"Why do you ask?" returned the broker, with
a slight start.

"Because his face is familiar. I have seen him
before."

"I guess not."

"I think I have."

"You may have seen him driving this team at
some time. He often goes out into the country,
and you may have met him there a dozen times.
His name is Patrick McCarthy—an honest, good-
hearted Irishman."

Rosalind was hardly satisfied with this explana-
tion, but she said no more. The coach rattled on
at a swift pace over the pavements, and she could
occasionally see the tops of the houses as she
passed them, over the dingy curtain. She could not
look into the street, for the windows were both
darkened.

"How far am I going?" she asked, after the
coach had left the pavements.

"You are going many miles, Rosa. We are go-
ing out of the State."

"So far?"

"Yes. It must be so. For your sake I am
leaving my business—leaving my wife—leaving
everything. I have done you some wrong, but I
will save you now."

Rosalind remained silent for some minutes, but
flashed she looked up into her companion's face,
and while the tears started to her eyes, she mur-
mured—

"Oh! how could you treat me so? Why did
you take me from my home, and give me up to
those people, and tell me they were my parents?
Oh! uncle, uncle, how could you?"

"There—don't cry so. The driver will hear
you, and we may be meeting people, too."

"You don't know how I suffer! Oh, my soul!
what agony I have endured! From the moment
I entered that house up to the present time, I have
suffered more than mortal tongue can tell. It has
been only the dread of a new crime on my soul
that has prevented me from taking my own life!
Oh! uncle, uncle, how could you do it? Why did
you deceive me so?"

"I must have been crazy, Rosa. I cannot ex-
plain it even to myself. I did not mean to do you
any wrong. I did not know what I did mean. I
wish I had not done it. Could I recall it all—
could I wipe out the past few weeks—I would give
all I am worth—every penny. Could I place you
once more as you were on the day when I came
out to the old farm-house and took you, I would
willingly go forth into the cold world a beggar
and an outcast. I can never forgive myself—I
can never forgive myself—I can never ask you to
forgive me! I am a villain—a hard-hearted
wretch. But I will be your friend now. I will
stick by you to the last, and if harm stands in our
way, I shall fall upon my shoulders ere it falls
upon yours. Oh! if I dared to hope that you
could forgive me. But I cannot ask it—I ought
not to ask it. It would be an insult to justice!"

He spoke with such seeming honesty—with so
much feeling—and he looked so anxious and so
repentant, that Rosalind could not find it in her
heart to doubt him.

"I do forgive you," she said. "I forgive you
freely."

Thomas Gondam turned away his head, and
gazed out into the road. When he spoke again he
asked Rosalind if she was hungry.

"No," she said.

"I have some cake with me, my dear, for I did
not think it prudent to stop on the road for break-
fast. We are hardly far enough from the city
yet. But we'll stop for dinner."

When the coach had got well out into the coun-
try the curtains were drawn away from the win-
dows, and Rosalind looked out. She saw large
orchards and cultivated fields, and pastures where
the cattle were feeding, and in the distance where
the blue hills and green woods. For awhile she
almost forgot her deep sorrow. The fresh air
swept gratefully across her brow, and the sweet
smiles of the blooming verdure gave momentary
relief to her senses.

Noon came, and the coach stopped before a
small inn at the edge of a little village.

"Of course," said Gondam, as he started from
his seat, "there is no need of cautioning you about
keeping your face concealed as much as possible."

"I shall be very careful," she replied, with a
shudder. "But the sheriff wouldn't come out so
far as this, would he?"

"I don't know. He'll be sure, however, to go
where he thought there was the least probability
of your being. But I hope we are at a safe dis-
tance from him, though you cannot be too careful."

Rosalind had no appetite for dinner, though she
managed to eat a little soup, and drink a cup of
tea. After the meal was over she was left alone,

and went and sat down by one of the windows
which overlooked the yard of the stable. The
blinds were closed, but the sash was up, and she
could gain a view of the yard for quite a distance.
She had been sitting there some minutes when the
sound of voices fell upon her ear, and presently
her uncle and the coachman came along from the
stable, passing within a few feet of where she sat.
She started when she saw that dark face again, for
she had a better opportunity to examine it now.
The color of the coarse skin was almost brown,
the hair and whiskers were black, and the brow
was coarse and contracted.

"We'll have her safe enough when we get to
the end of our journey," said Gondam.

"By the powers, we will that same," returned
the other, with a light laugh. "But won't she be
bothered in the night, though?"

"Slightly, no doubt," replied Gondam.

"I'll baste all the thayers," suggested Mr.
Patrick McCarthy.

"There'll be a scene, without doubt."

"A scene. Och, won't it be a scene. But never
mind. She'll—"

Rosalind could understand no more, for the men
had passed around the corner of the building.
Faint and dizzy she sank back in her chair, and
covered her face with her hands. What did they
mean by the language they had used? And—who
was that coachman?

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PURSUIT.

"I'm glad she's gone," said Patty, as she sat at
the breakfast table. "I tell ye I don't make no
pretensions to extra good feelin's, but the sight of
that girl's sufferin' face was beginnin' to work on
me. I declare I believe I should 'a been tempted
to help her off, if Gondam hadn't took her as he
did."

"O, no, Patty, ye wouldn't 'a done that," re-
turned the pawnbroker, correctively. "But then
I don't wonder at yer feelin's. I haint felt ex-
actly right under my waistcoat since she had that fit.
There's no mistake, she did suffer awfully!"

"And, poor thing! haint she got to suffer more?"

"I don't know, Patty, and what's more, I don't
want to know. I'm glad I didn't ask any ques-
tions. Gondam'll lug her off somewhere."

"And what d'ye s'pose he hopes to make by it?"

"I tell ye he makes somethin' handsome out of
it," said Michael, enviously. "I wish I'd bled him
more. He'd 'a stood it, I know."

"You never told me just how much he'd paid
ye, Michael."

"Well—I walked into him to the tune of a cool
thousand."

"A thousand dollars?" uttered Patty, in aston-
ishment.

"Yes. I told him he couldn't have the girl
otherwise. He's a villain—Tom Gondam is, and
—the pawnbroker cast his eyes about the
room, and then added, in a lower tone, "I think I
can bleed him still!"

"But what hold can ye have on him now the
girl's gone?"

"Never you mind that," replied Michael, with a
nod and a wink. "If I haint got a pretty good
hold on him, then I'm much mistaken. At any
rate, I can tell plaguey quick when the time comes
to make a trial. I can feel of his pulse, and
frighten him some, I guess."

"Is it something he's done?"

"I shouldn't wonder."

"Some crime?"

"You musn't ask too many questions, woman."

"P'raps he's robbed some body?"

"Do you think so, Patty?"

"Or—mebbe—he's killed somebody?" suggested
the woman.

"That's right. Keep on questioning and ye may
hit it presently."

"Who d'ye suppose he killed?" Patty asked, all
excitement.

"I guess you can tell that as well as I can. I
haint said he ever killed anybody."

"But I know it would be just like him. He'd
do anything for money. He'd do more than you
would, Michael, for he's got it in him to be—
There's the door-bell. Somebody's in the shop."

The pawnbroker hurried out into the front shop,
and there he found Albert Varrodonde and Simon
Peter Drake; and with them was the old sailor,
John Peters.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Ludders, some-
what perplexed.

"Good morning, sir," returned Albert. "This
is Mr. Peters. He has come in to see Miss Hubert."

The sailor gazed upon the pawnbroker with a
pretty strong shade of disgust working over his
weather-beaten face.

"Will you ask Rosalind if we can see her?"

"I guess 'twouldn't be of much use, sir," said
Ludders.

"You do not mean to deny us?"

"O, no—not that. Only you've come a little
too late."

"Too late?" echoed Albert, in alarm.

"Too late, sir!" repeated the sailor, with a start.

"Yes, gentlemen," quietly remarked Ludders.

"You're too late. Miss Rosalind has gone."

"Gone?" gasped Albert, staggering back. "Im-
possible!"

"I don't b'lieve that ere stuff," said Simon Peter.

"Jest ye see of she aint where ye left her last
night?"

"Mr. Ludders," demanded the sailor, sternly,
"do you say Rosalind Hubert has left this house?"

"I do say just that, sir. She went away early
this morning."

"But how?"

"Her uncle Thomas came with a coach and car-
ried her off."

"By heavens, I don't believe it!" cried the
youth.

"Then go and look for yourself. This house is all open, and you can have a free pass to every room in it. I tell you she went away this morning with her uncle."

"Where has he taken her?"

"I couldn't tell you, sir, for I don't know."

"But you know which way they went?"

"No, I don't. I know they drove up into Hanover street, and that's all."

"He may have carried her to his own house."

"He might have done such a thing, though I don't think it at all likely."

"Mr. Ladder," said the old sailor, with deep feeling, "I am very anxious to find that girl. Will you tell me just what you know of her whereabouts?"

"You ask an honest, straightforward question, sir, and you shall have an honest, straightforward answer. Thomas Gondam came here this morning, before the sun was up, and said he wanted Rosalind. He knew that I didn't want to keep her here any longer, and he'd found some other place for her, I s'pose. I didn't ask him where he was going with her, and he didn't tell me. Whether he's in the city, or whether he's gone to Europe, I couldn't say."

"And now answer me a question," said Albert, trembling with excitement. "What was the matter with Rosalind? What had happened to her?"

"Didn't she tell you?" returned Ladder.

"No."

"Then I'm sure I can't tell you."

"But you can tell me if you will, for you must know. What is it?"

"Why," said the pawnbroker, with a shrug of the shoulders, "I can tell you what I've suspected. I've kind of been afraid that her mind was a little unsettled. Didn't she show any signs of it last night?"

"Great God!" groaned the youth, starting back. "Oh! villain, you shall pay dearly for this! You shall find—"

"Hold on, my dear young sir," interrupted the pawnbroker. "Don't go to making any threats. Thomas Gondam is the man to whom you had better look."

"He is right," said the old sailor. "Thomas Gondam is the man. Let us go to his house at once. We can do nothing more here at present."

Albert gazed into the pawnbroker's face, but he did not speak. He hesitated a few moments, and then turned and led the way from the shop.

"What can all this mean?" he said, as they gained the sidewalk.

"It means that Gondam has taken the girl away," returned Peters; "and the sooner we can find her the better."

"And you know why he has done it," added the youth, gazing eagerly into the face of the mysterious man.

"I know that there is deep villainy at the bottom of it, my boy. I know that Thomas Gondam is as black-hearted a rascal as ever went unhung! But let us make haste. I know the way to his house."

Simon Peter muttered to himself as he walked along, and his great hands worked together as though they itched. At the door of Gondam's house they stopped, and the old sailor knocked. The broker's wife answered the summons. She started when she saw John Peters, and gazed fixedly into his face.

"Is Mr. Gondam at home?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"I would like to speak with you a few moments, my good woman."

She invited them into the parlor, and placed chairs for them.

"My name is John Peters, ma'am. This young man is Albert Varrondale; and this is Mr. Drake. We are from Malden—from Mr. Aaron King's. You may know him."

"I have heard my husband speak of him, sir. He has a niece living there," Martha Gondam was very pale and worn, and she trembled with apprehension. Peters saw that she feared some evil thing, and he made up his mind to give her occasion for as little uneasiness as possible.

"We wanted to see your husband concerning this girl," he said. "Do you know where we could find him?"

"No, sir. He went away before daylight this morning."

"But don't you know where he has gone?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know what direction he took?"

"No. He only told me he was going away on business, and might not be at home for a week."

"Do you know how he went?"

"He went away from here in a coach. A man came for him very early."

"Could you tell me what kind of a coach it was?"

"It was so dark that I couldn't see plainly. It was a common coach, and had two very large, dark-colored horses."

"He rode away upon the inside, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"He has never said anything to you about this niece of his?"

"Only that she had an excellent home at Mr. King's, sir."

The woman cast a hurried glance around upon her guests, and then, while a tremor shook her frame, she continued—

"What has happened, sir? You know my husband?"

"Very well, ma'am."

"And you know me?"

"I know you now."

"But we have met before, sir. I have seen you."

The sailor shook his head.

"I don't know but that you may have seen me many years ago."

Mrs. Gondam regarded the man earnestly, but she could call nothing to mind save the vague impression that she had seen him at some former time.

"But of my husband, sir," she resumed eagerly. "What has happened?"

"I don't know that I could tell you."

"Keep nothing from me, sir. Let me know the worst."

"I will see you again. I will call here when I have time, for I have some things to ask as well as to tell. But you must excuse us now."

When the trio reached the street they stopped to confer upon the course they should next pursue.

"We must hunt up that coach," said Simon Peter. "Taint likely that was many on 'em movin' so airy in the mornin', an' ef we ken onet get on the track of it we ken foller it easy enough. Of course it went from here to old Ladder's; an' from there 'twould 'a been likely to 'ave gone one of three ways—out through Charlestown—through Cambridge, or else through Roxbury. Now let's split off an' take them three routes, an' then we ken meet somewhere an' compare notes."

This proposition was favorably received, and they proceeded at once to carry it into execution, Simon going towards Cambridge; Albert towards Charlestown; while Peters took his way to the Southward. At ten o'clock they met, and the old sailor had gained the desired clue.

"The coach went out over the Neck this morning," he said, "and I have made up my mind to follow it. I shall take a team at once and start off."

"Haden't I better go with you?" asked Albert.

"I guess not. There's no knowing how far I may have to go, nor how long I may be gone."

"But wouldn't it be safer to have me with you? You know not what opposition you may meet."

"Well," returned Peters, after considering awhile, "if you would like to go I certainly have no objection. Mr. Drake can return and report to Mr. King's."

"A smart, powerful horse was engaged, and before noon the two men were on the road. At four o'clock they reached the inn where Gondam had stopped to dine, and here they gained certain intelligence of Rosalind. Just as the sun was setting they came to a point where the road branched off, and no house was in sight. They took the right hand one, and lost the track. They inquired at several houses, but no coach had passed that way."

"We must turn back," said Peters. "The other road must be the one. I'm sorry we've lost so much time."

"We'll try to make it up in some way," returned Albert, as he turned the horse about.

Nearly an hour was thus lost, and by the time they reached the forks of the road it was dark. However, when they had gained the other path they heard of the coach again, and with renewed hope they urged their horse on. At half-past nine they came to a small village, near the center of which they saw the gilded letters of a tavern sign glittering in the starlight. Their horse was reeking with foam, and they knew 'twould not be safe to drive him further that night.

"Has there been a coach here, with a gentleman and lady in it?" asked Peters, as the host came out.

"Yes. They took supper here."

"Was the lady young?"

"I didn't see her face; but I should say she was weak and faint."

"How long since they left here?"

"Not more'n two hours."

"Did the man say how far he meant to travel to-night?"

"No. He only said he liked to ride in the evening because it was cooler."

"You must let us have a fresh horse, sir," said Albert, excitedly. "'Tis of the utmost importance that we overtake that coach to-night, and this animal will not hold out."

"Well—I guess I can accommodate you. But what's the man been up to?"

"He is a villain!"

"Eh? Been murderin' somebody?—Stealin'?"—Arson?

"We can't tell yet what he has done," replied Peters. "Only he is dragging a poor sick orphan away from her home and friends."

"Drat him! You shall have the best horse I've got."

The exchange of horses was soon made, and away the pursuers rattled once more. The road was direct for some miles, but finally they came to another fork, and were puzzled again.

"We'll take the one that's most traveled," said Albert, as he got out to examine the route.

The next five or six miles lay through a dense wood, and when this was cleared they came to another village. It was near midnight now, but a light was burning in the inn, and the hostler was easily aroused. Albert asked after the coach, but it had not passed that way.

"It couldn't have gone by without my seein' it," the hostler said, "for I haint been to bed yet."

"Then we're on the wrong road again," cried the old sailor; "and I don't see but we must stay here till daylight. It would be long past midnight before we could get back through the woods, and we should find no one up to answer our questions after that."

"We can be off by daylight," said Albert.

"Yes—and we can easily overtake them when we get on their track again."

So it was arranged that their horse should be put up, and beds engaged for themselves.

The morning dawned clear and bright, and by the time the sun was up the pursuers had eaten their breakfast, and were again flying over the road. At length they heard of the coach again. It had passed about half-past nine on the previous evening.

"He can't be far ahead," cried Albert, plying his whip.

"Oh! Fortune befriend us now!" ejaculated Peters. "Give the horse work for a few hours, and he may have rest then!"

The last came down with a crack, and the powerful animal leaped away at the top of his speed, the dust rolling up in clouds behind the light wagon.

CHAPTER XVII

AWAY! AWAY!

"Misthur Gondam!" called the driver, from his seat. The coach was ascending a slight pitch in the road.

"What is it?" returned the broker.

"Come out here and keep me company for a little while."

The coach stopped, and Gondam got out, and as soon as he had gained his seat upon the box the horses were started into a gallop.

"I think we are followed," said the driver, dropping his brow, and speaking in a low tone.

"Followed?" repeated Gondam, casting a quick glance over the back of the coach.

"Ye can't see 'em now, sir, but I've seen 'em three times. First I saw 'em half an hour ago, from the top of that steep hill. Then I saw 'em again from the top of the next hill; and I saw 'em again just before I called you."

"But why do you think they are following us?" asked Gondam, uneasily.

"I can tell by their motions. They're in a light wagon—two of 'em—and they whip up smartly. Twice I've seen 'em point at us. Hold on—here comes another hill. We may see 'em from the top of that."

Up the hill Patrick drove upon a gallop, and at the top the men both turned.

"There—d'ye see 'em?"

"Yes," replied Gondam. "By heavens, they are following us.—Ha! Can you see that right hand man?"

"Yes—I can see him now quite plainly."

"Is your eyesight keen enough to distinguish his dress?"

"Yes. I should say he was a sailor."

"By the gods! We must escape that man now! He must not overtake us. We must overtake him!"

"But who is he?"

"Drive up! Put on the lash! Let me think!"

The foaming horses dashed over and down the hill, and when Gondam could no longer see the pursuers he pressed his hands together and gazed down upon the foot-board.

"I can trust you," he said, looking up into his companion's face after a silence of some minutes.

"Of course you can," the driver returned. "By the powers, I don't see how you can very well help it."

"But will you stand by me through thick and thin?"

"I'll stand to you through everything that's necessary to the accomplishment of our purpose."

"Then," pursued the broker, with a wicked look, "we must escape that man at some rate. We must escape them both. I should—like—to escape them forever!"

"Who is he?"

"As true as I live I cannot tell you. He has been to see me once—he came to find out where this girl was. I know his face—I have seen him before, but where or when I cannot tell. Still I know something of his power over—"

"Over what?" asked the driver, as Gondam hesitated.

"Over me," the broker answered. "I will be frank and plain. I have told you that you should have ten thousand dollars if we got this girl safely off; but if this man gets the girl, or if he thwarts us in any way, we shall neither of us have a penny."

"Well, that makes a plain case of it," said Patrick, thoughtfully. "But can't you tell me something about your mystic individual? What is he to the girl?"

"As true as there's a God in heaven, I cannot tell you a thing," answered Gondam, earnestly. "He has lately come home from India, and he has some strange knowledge of past events. I have told you that Rosalind was the heiress—Put up! Drive faster!"

"The horses are doing all they can, Tom. If we can hold them at this till we come to a cross-road, we may find some chance to slip out. But go ahead. You were speaking of the girl."

"Yes. You know I told you she was the heiress to between thirty and forty thousand dollars."

"You said forty thousand?"

"Yes, it's along there somewhere. However, I have it in my own possession, and if my investments turn out anywhere decently there'll be full forty thousand. I am frank with you."

"Yes, so you are," responded Mr. McCarthy. He whipped up the horses a few moments, and then added: "And I will be frank with you. You will have forty thousand dollars to handle. Now make my share fifteen thousand, and I'll stand by you even to the last extremity."

"What do you call the last extremity?" asked Gondam, with a sidelong glance.

"It's the extremity from which a man awakes on the other side of Jordan," said McCarthy, grasping the reins significantly.

"Stand by me so, and you shall have the sum you named."

"Agreed."

"Then we understand each other perfectly?"

"We understand that part of it; and the rest we'll understand as we come to it. But we've got to find a stopping-place before long. What time is it?"

Gondam referred to his watch, and said it was just half past eleven.

In fifteen minutes more they came to a point where the road branched off—the direct route being straight on, while a less traveled track turned to the left through a low piece of birch-wood. There was no house in sight, and the surrounding country was barren and rocky.

"Shall we turn in here?" asked McCarthy.

"Yes. Turn in, and run the risk. We'll get rid of this coach as soon as we can."

The horses were turned into the unfrequented road, and at the distance of half-a-mile they struck another highway.

"Now let us turn to the left, and go back awhile," said Gondam. "We'll avoid them somehow. At any rate, we can afford to spend the rest of the day in getting the right side of our pursuers."

And so, through the whole of the afternoon, the coach was dodging around corners, through by-ways, and over hills and dales; and when evening came, the broker knew that they had gained nothing on their direct course since noon. It was nine o'clock when they pulled up before a little tavern in a hamlet of some dozen houses. They had left a large village to the right about an hour previously. Rosalind was conducted into a front room, upon the door of which was nailed a piece of tin with "PARLOR" painted upon it—said parlor having a white pine floor, three chairs, a lounge, or sofa-bedstead, from the dark, copperplate covering of which solid knots of cotton were peeping forth; a pine table; a large looking-glass frame, with a very small piece of looking-glass in it; and a fire-place garnished with maple and pine boughs. The host was an old man, and seemed to be the only one about the premises.

"What has happened?" asked Rosalind, in a fearful tone. "Why have you driven so fast and so strangely?"

"Can you not guess?"

"I dare not."

"Then you've guessed already. We have been pursued."

"By whom? How?"

"By two officers. We are clear of them for the present, but I know not how long we may remain so. You must help me, Rosa, if you would escape."

"Help you? Oh! how can I do that? If I could die! If I could put off this wretched life!"

"There is no need of that. You must cheer up."

"Cheer up!" repeated Rosalind, pressing her hands over her heart. "Oh! my soul, what cheer is there for me? No night was ever so dark as the utter blackness that envelopes me! There is no light, no warmth, no joy for me any more! The future holds only the most poignant anguish; and the grave alone can give me rest! The rustle of a leaf, the falling of a strange foot, or the moaning of the night-breeze at my window, sends terror to my soul! Hunted for murder—fleeing like a criminal—oh, my God, what misery! Uncle! uncle! Oh! oh! oh!" And she sobbed as though her heart were breaking.

"Come, come, Rosa," said Gondam, sitting down by her side upon the old sofa, "don't feel so. I tell you if you will do as I wish all shall be well. We have been followed, and of course we can now be tracked by our team. Though we have managed to elude the officers for to-night, yet they may find us to-morrow if we set out with our coach. We must exchange horses; we must take two wagons; and you must assume a new garb. If we do this we may escape. I will do anything for you—suffer any danger—and mind not the care and trouble."

The poor girl tried to thank her uncle, but the words would not come forth. There was a vague fear upon her mind that Thomas Gondam was not her friend, even now. She feared that he was false, and that the man who was with him was his accomplice in evil. He might be helping her away from officers of the law, but was he not governed by thoughts of his own safety? She wished she could think him honest in his protestations, and she tried to think so.

Gondam said he must go and look after some supper, and then went out. In the bar-room he

found the host, who had just come in from the stable.

"Them horses o' yours are kind o' tuckered out," he remarked.

"We have had a very hard drive," returned the broker. "I got news two days ago that my wife, who is in New York, was at the point of death."

"You don't say so! Why—what is the matter with her?"

"The quick consumption."

"Do tell! The quick consumption? That must be an awful dangerous disease, mister—a—What might I call your name?"

"My name is Bunkins, sir—Adolphus Macfarlane Bunkins."

"Do tell, Bunkins? I think I've heard that name afore. You're from Boston, I take it."

"No, we're from Pollock's Dam—just the other side of the county line."

"You don't say so. It's a mill-dam, I s'pose."

"The place takes its name from a beaver dam, which crosses the brook close by."

"Well, that's kind o' curious."

"It is rather curious," said Gondam. "But now that you know my name and abode, will you tell me where I can find two fresh horses?"

"Did you mean to trade for 'em, mister?"

"Any way, so that I can get them."

"Well—now I've got two horses that can do a little more work than any other two in these diggins; and I'll put 'em to ye cheap."

"Will you swap for mine?"

"Yes, if you're sound."

"Then we'll make a trade. And now tell me one more thing. Where can I find a boy thirteen or fourteen years old?"

"D'ye want to hire?"

"No. I want to buy a suit of clothes. I have a boy of that age at home—with my wife—and there won't be time to make him a suit after I get there."

"There's two or three boys of that age about here. There's the Widder Johnson's boy. He lives just over the way here. Perhaps she'd be glad to sell some of his clothes. Her husband's dead, and didn't leave her much money."

"Will you run over after supper and see?"

"Sartin, I will."

When supper was ready, the hostess made her appearance and led the way to the kitchen, where the table was set. She sympathized deeply with Rosalind, and would have asked a great many questions had not Gondam stopped her by informing her that it made the poor girl's head ache to talk.

After the meal was over, the host went out to see the Widow Johnson, and succeeded in obtaining a suit of clothes. They were quite good—a blue jacket, gray pants, a silk vest, and a coarse cotton shirt. Gondam paid for them, and then went to the stable to trade for horses. The host found considerable fault with the team of his guest, and praised his own animals without stint; but the trade was finally effected.

"Of course these horses are honestly yours?" hinted the publican, before he clinched the bargain.

"Why—you don't suppose I stole them, do you?" returned Gondam, rather sharply.

"O—no. But then it's well enough to be a little keener, ye know."

"I should hope I don't look like a horse-thief."

"Sartin ye don't, sir; but then looks is sometimes deceitful. Why—I once saw a man that had been took up for murder, and he was one of the best lookin' chaps I ever seed. Of course, I don't mean that you ever murdered anybody."

Gondam started at this, and a shade of fear passed over his face; but the feeble rays of the lantern did not fall upon it, and his emotion was not noticed.

"Never mind about what you've seen," he said. "The horses are mine, sir, and paid for. And the coach is mine, too."

"It's all right. I hope ye aint offended."

"Not at all."

"Then the bargain's made."

Gondam's next move was to obtain two wagons, which he did without trouble. The coach was traded off at a sacrifice.

"Now," said the broker, as he entered the room where Rosalind sat, "you may take hope. I have got a suit of boy's clothes for you, and you must put them on in the morning."

"Boy's clothes?" repeated the girl, in surprise.

"Yes. Your own safety demands it. I have obtained two wagons, and Mr. McCarthy shall ride at some distance behind us, so as to give us warning if there is danger; and if you are disguised as a boy the officers will be likely to lose track of us. You see the necessity of it."

"Yes, sir."

"Then take the bundle, and go to bed now. I will show you the way. You have a dress that you can slip on over these clothes?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you can put it on. You might leave the jacket until we get out on the road."

When Rosalind was alone in her chamber she sank down upon the bed, and prayed for strength to support her in her misery. New fears were constantly presenting themselves, and the future looked dark and drear. The one great joy-promise of her life—her union with Albert—was blasted, and it was over thoughts of this that she wept the most. Sometimes she hoped that she might see him again, but at others she hoped differently. She could never be his wife, and she could not bear another meeting. She was broken in mind and body; constantly tormented with harassing fears; the awful gallows looming up before her when she slept and when she waked; and her whole soul given up to doubt and terror. She had become so worked upon by the dread of being apprehended for murder that she was a mere puppet in Thomas Gondam's hands. She knew he was a bad man, and she believed that he was dishonest; but she dared not provoke or thwart him now. She wept herself to sleep, and started and cried out in her dreams.

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WEAK AND WICKED.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

How easy it is, with the best intentions in the world, to do unwise and wrong actions.

Where is the person who has not, at some time during his life, gone along dreaming happily of the good that was to result from certain steps he had taken, of the pleasure which the outworking of his secret plan of kindness should produce, of the gratification with which he should

TO ADOLF

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

When sunset's lovely lights depart,
And evening winds sigh mournfully,
I know how wildly turns thy heart
To the dear home across the sea;
I feel how sadly thou dost pine
For the sunset valleys of the Rhine.

Oh, Saxon stranger! thy dark eyes,
Where glorious day-dreams ever burn,
Have flung their radiant mysteries
Around my spirit's storied urn,
Till on the tides of memory glow
The stately songs of long ago!

The sunny splendor of thy smile
Was ripened on thy vine-clad hills;
The voice—whose melody erewhile
Touched me with such electric thrills—
Caught its rich music, and its fire,
From many a wild-toned Saxon lyre!

My friend, for oh! thou art my friend—
Though never more across the sea,
Above thy wandering steps shall bend
The blue skies of fair Germany—
Within my friendship's golden gates
For thee an English welcome waits.

Though in the pleasant Fatherland
Thou'lt clasp thy best loved ones no more,
Weep not! an outstretched English hand
Will ever meet thee at the door—
And lips shall greet thee, red as wine,
From the rich daggons of the Rhine!

But should these old feet return
To tread the dust of Teutonic shore,
Still in my breast shall sweetly burn
Thy proud, sad beauty, evermore,
And far across the wild, blue sea,
An English heart shall follow thee!

A TRUE LIFE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Knowledge through suffering entereth,
And life is perfected by Death. E. B. BROWNE.

"Surely, Mrs. Nichol, you will not assert that a more bitter cup of sorrow was ever presented to human lips! Oh, never was grief equal to my grief, never affliction so terrible as mine!"

So spoke Ada Ross, in the first desolation of her widowhood, and the friend who listened, whose calm, pale features bore the indelible impress of sorrows, long and patiently endured, answered only by an affectionate pressure of the hand, or such gentle words of consolation, such promises of Divine assistance as could best reach the sorrowing heart of the mourner, through the thick pall of suffering that wrapped her like a garment.

But when the inanimate clay that had once been the proud and happy Arthur Ross, had been laid beneath the green sod of the church-yard, when the house, by the kindly care of friends and attached servants, had been restored to something of its former cheerfulness, when all that should too powerfully remind the widow of him who was gone forever was carefully removed from her sight, then came Mrs. Nichol, with her calm, loving sympathy, speaking again words of holy cheer, pointing to duties, and labors, and enjoyments not yet plucked away from the life that seemed so desolate; of compensations to be won even in the deep solitude of Ada's widowhood; of years made beautiful by earnest devotion to the suffering, and needy, and oppressed; by the companionship of great minds and loving hearts; and of the rest, and peace, and joyful reunion of the future that lay beyond the dark valley through which she must follow him who had gone before.

And Ada listened now, and was comforted, inasmuch as she resolved not to yield to selfish sorrow; but still she felt and often said that no grief had ever equaled hers, no affliction had ever crushed human heart as hers was crushed.

"Ada, are you sure you do rightly in thus arraigning your Heavenly Father?" Mrs. Nichol asked, one morning, after she had listened to these oft-repeated assertions from Ada's lips. "He has not afflicted you beyond your strength, nor sent sorrow upon you without many merciful alleviations. You were never separated from Arthur for an hour. He died blessing you with his last breath, his head resting upon your bosom, his loving glance fixed, until the last, upon your face. There was never a shadow upon your married life, no discord marred the harmonies of your union, but there was peace, and love, and confidence until the end. He carried with him, and he left with you, the assured hope of a future and eternal reunion. Granted, my suffering child, that the parting was terrible and unexpected, do you think that hearts and lives have not been sundered by a severer wrench, one that has left bleeding fibres in the torn living hearts, never to be healed this side the grave? Oh, Ada, you have seen little, and experienced little of human sorrow, when you look upon a few years of waiting for rare reunion, as the extreme of mortal suffering!"

Ada was awed by the solemn words that fell from the lips of her friend, no less than by the pallor of her face, and the strange introverted expression of her mild eyes, that seemed looking backwards to search out the sorrows and mysteries of the past. For the first time she comprehended that her friend and comforter had suffered, and had gained the highest of human knowledge—how to live worthily—through the extremity of fearful affliction.

She seized the pale, cold hand of her friend, and pressed it to her lips with the reverence due to great sorrow and mighty patience; and, ashamed of the petulant and selfish grief that had opposed itself to the mystery of Mrs. Nichol's unspoken suffering, she waited in silence for the revelation she dared not claim.

At length Mrs. Nichol spoke, while a sweet, chastened smile came flashing softly over her face. "I am going to tell you, Ada," she said, "of some of the passages of my life, of events that occurred long, long ago, when I was younger than you are, and had known far less happiness. When I have finished you will have learned that one can live, and live not altogether uselessly nor unhappily, under the pressure of, and companioned always by, the misery of sorrows unrelieved by the many pleasant memories which encircle the name of your lost one."

"In my youth I lived with my parents in the seclusion of a great agricultural district, lonely and afar from the crowded haunts of men, and encircled by high, heaven-reaching mountains, that seemed to shut out the world beyond, and interpose their impassable barriers between the dwellers of the plain and the restless masses of city humanity."

"Besides our own, there were but two or three families in the valley exclusive of the farm laborers and shepherds, who lived in little, gray stone houses, placed in straggling enclosures, along the banks of the stream, or upon the rugged mountain slopes. Thus situated, I grew up almost isolated, with little knowledge of society and none of the world, save that which is gained from books, chiefly romances, which my parents, themselves entirely averse to all intellectual pursuits, and therefore unable to judge of the proper culture for such a mind

as mine, and yet willing to give me pleasure, readily obtained for me.

"In those fascinating volumes I read of the life of the great world beyond our mountains, of the amusements and splendors of cities, of the monuments of art, and the beauty and grandeur of nature displayed to the eyes of fortunate travelers, and I longed, with an intense and passionate longing, to escape from the narrow bounds of my native valley, and roam afar into the bewildering mazes of this unknown world.

"There, too, I had read of love; of simple country damsels won to be the brides of men of high degree, who wandered, in guise of humble travelers, perchance, through the scenes in which they had all their lives dwelt unseen until chance sent their deliverers in the form of lovers. How, willing through their great love, to wed the uncertain and humble fortunes of their wandering lovers, these simple and thoughtless damsels had yet found themselves oftentimes suddenly transformed to the luxury and pomp of noblemen's dwellings, their humble lovers casting off their incognito to appear in courtly garb, and place upon their bewildered brows the coronet of a countess, or the insignia of even higher rank.

"I was a silly child, unlearned save in such perilous lore, dreamy, imaginative, useless. And yet I had a loving heart, and had my mother been a woman capable of counseling and controlling me, or had she deemed her daughter's inner life of so much importance as her own multifarious household occupations, my thirst for knowledge, my strong and genial nature, might have been trained to the production of a worthy womanhood even without the teachings of my great sorrow. Once I dared repine that this should not have been so, but now I question no more His purposes who ruleth all.

"I was eighteen years of age when Archer Clayton came to our valley. He came as a humble pedestrian traveler, with knapsack slung upon his back, and claimed of my father's hospitality a night's lodging and food. Of course the request met with instant and hearty compliance, and I, returning at sunset from a long ramble over the hills already beginning to wear the many-hued liveries of autumn, found him sitting by our fireside, and entertaining my parents with tidings of that outer world from whence he had so recently arrived.

"I sat down beside my mother, and listened, and looked upon the handsome face and lithe but compact figure before me, the first so animated in expression, the latter so graceful and full of abundant life. I looked, and listened, and loved. A strange confession that I gave my unsought heart so easily, but still I believe it true. From that hour, through all changes, I believe my heart never wandered from its worship of Archer Clayton; in the season of my petulant vanity, in the darker days of my fearful punishment, in the months and years of desolation, in the brightening dawn of slowly won consolation—in that, at least, there has been no change. Love like yours and mine, my Ada, is as eternal as its source.

Archer Clayton remained in our valley some weeks. He had grown pale and wan, at close and long protracted study, and with a great and oppressive weariness of soul and body, he had sought our valley for the rest and free animal life he needed. Everybody learned to love him; and when he spoke of going, none could endure the thought. So, after a time, my father and the rest persuaded him to remain through the winter, and teach the children of the valley some of the rudiments of education.

"Perhaps it was strange that he remained—giving up that precious winter's study, but he did, and I, among the rest, became his pupil—his favorite pupil, some said, for he was with us always, his school-room one of the apartments of our large house—and he paid much attention to my progress. But none knew what lessons I learned in the long winter evenings, when we two bent over the same book—when the hands that wandered over its pages often met—when my heavy eyelids fell against his cheek, or his long, light locks floated to my brow as he bent over me—when the grave words of student lore insensibly changed to soft murmurs, and the lips that spoke, coming nearer and nearer in the pleasant mystery of their revelations, sealed the sweet secret in lingering pressures. Ada, I grow young again when I revert to that sweet spring-time of love!

"All this time I believed Archer to be some great man in disguise. I laughingly listened to the history of his toilsome struggle to gain his profession. I never credited the simple truth—that the money gained by his winter's pedagogueship in the valley was all to be applied to the furtherance of his pursuit. And when, in the spring, he spoke of his departure, I was almost angry that he did not then rend the veil of his incognito, and appear in his real character. I longed for the time when I might be borne beyond the boundaries of the valley, and mingle in the life of the great city which Archer had told me was to be his home, and almost deemed him selfish because he did not propose an immediate marriage.

"Nevertheless he went, and returned from time to time, until two years had passed away. Then his studies were completed; and with all the world before him where to choose, as he told me, he was about to go forth to seek the scene of his life's labors, and, as he hoped, successes. When he had found his home, he should surely return for his bride.

"Angry and indignant at what, in my silly self-deception, I looked upon as an unworthy subterfuge, I uttered many impatient words; and seeing my power, and how deeply I wounded Archer, I went on, in my vanity and passion, to an extent that I have often wondered did not utterly alienate the love of his true heart.

"He was silent with surprise and sorrow. He had expected the tender sympathy of one who had promised to share the vicissitudes and cares, as well as the joys and sorrows of his life; and utterly unable to comprehend my strange mood, he left me and sought my parents. To them he appealed, and by means of their entreaties and representations, I was brought to a more reasonable state of mind.

"Archer's time was short. Before the reconciliation had been fully perfected, and the waves of my suddenly aroused passion stilled, before the hour of humiliation to which I should surely have come, had arrived, in which I might have heard and believed the truth, he was forced to depart.

"I was sullen, and with only a cold outer show of affection I said the farewell that I was never to utter again until I stood beside the bed of death. Grieved and pained, but full of life and hope, and trust in the love he knew I bore him, spite of all, Archer departed.

"Weeks and months passed away. From time to time came letters from the absent one—some breathing hopeful words, some full of discouragement—all demanding the sympathy that I should have given so spontaneously. But I was still unwilling to believe in the life of toil and struggle that he laid before us, though I am sure that, had I deemed it certain, my love would not have shrunk from it, but I should have taken my place bravely by his side.

"At length the scene of his, of our future life was found. Archer tarried only to secure the necessary acquaintance to procure a home, and then, impelled by love, he started upon his return, to take his bride from the home of her parents to his own.

"But he never reached us. A slight, neglected injury—no more than the turning of a pebble beneath his heel, together with the fatigue and excitement of an unusually protracted and toilsome journey, produced mortal illness. Within twenty miles of the home where his bride awaited him, he lay down to die, at a little way-side tavern.

"Thither I was summoned, and attended by my parents, arrived scarce an hour before his eyes were closed in death—in time only for his last words of love and forgiveness—in time only for the vain despair and agony of my grief and self-reproach at that which could never be atoned for.

"Oh! Ada, the agonies of that hour are far beyond the power of words to express. Their bitter fruit of reproach, and accusation, and vain regret, was long pressed to my lips. Only the thought that God liveth helped me to live through all the early days of that great sorrow. Only the desolation and barrenness of a life of utterly useless repining, taught me to go forth into the world in which I had only dreamed of pleasure, and find work.

"And thus I found my consolation. My parents both died in the second year of my heart's widowhood. I missed and mourned for them deeply. But, out of much prayer and thought, I had, ere then, evolved the plan of my life. I sold all they bequeathed to me, and went forever from the valley, plunging at once into the great world beyond. With ample means at my command I studied in the best schools, until I was prepared for the work I had chosen—that of a teacher. For many years, as you well know, I was at the head of the large school in which you were my pupil. And in that responsible situation I strove, untiringly, to do the great duty that lay before me—to train the young, plastic minds entrusted to me, to noble thoughts, and useful deeds.

"I have been blessed in my pupils—blessed in the unbending and brilliant integrity that many have displayed, blessed in the adaptation to all trying circumstances which others have shown, blessed in the sight of the happy homes they adorn, blessed in the love and reverence in which they hold me, and the reflected gratitude of those who ascribe their perfection of character to my humble untiring efforts to elevate and justify the highest attributes of womanhood.

"Now, Ada, I have but this to say: From out the deep sorrows of my youth I have sought and found this good. My life has found grand compensations for its early sufferings. A wider sphere of usefulness, though not more honorable—a more satisfying—have been mine than I should have enjoyed as the wife of Archer Clayton. If my humble experience can lead you to seek the true knowledge to be evolved from suffering, I shall be content. Life will not be without its compensations, nor death without its rewards."

SUCH A TEMPER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"That child will be the death of me yet! Oh, he has such a temper! Just see how he acts. You, John! Hush this instant, and do as I tell you!"

These sentences were uttered in an excited voice by a mother who had come suddenly upon her little boy, a bright, busy, active little fellow three years old, who had discovered a new amusement, and was enjoying himself up to his full capacity. That amusement was a rude attempt at castle-building. The materials used on the occasion were books from the library shelves. His mother, in company with an aunt, who had arrived that day on a short visit, happened to come upon him in the midst of his pleasant sport.

"Dear little fellow!" was on the aunt's lips, as her eyes fell upon the child's animated face; but ere the words were spoken his mother had started forward and seized him by the arm. With a sudden jerk she drew him several feet away from his mimic building, exclaiming as she did so, in angry tones—

"You had boy! How dare you do this? Just see your father's books scattered all over the floor!"

A moment or two she held him with a firm grip; then, pushing him from her, she added—

"Put every book in its place on the shelves; and don't you dare to touch them again."

Released from his mother's hand, John, instead of obeying her, threw himself upon the floor, and commenced kicking and screaming in uncontrolled passion.

"Just see how he acts, Mary!" repeated the mother. "That temper will be his ruin. John, hush this instant, and get up as I tell you."

But the child's passion was a whirlwind, and subsided not until its force was spent. In her blind anger the mother stooped over the boy, and was raising her hand to punish him, when her sister drew her back and whispered—

"Don't Anna! A blow now will do harm."

And she drew the excited mother from the room.

"Mary! This is not right," said the latter, with some severity of manner, as soon as they were out of the library. "You must not come between me and my children. If you take their part when I reprove or punish, all my control over them will be gone."

"Dear sister!" replied Mary, with much feeling and great tenderness of manner, "forgive me if I have erred; and let the pure love I feel for you and your child be my apologist."

There was silence for nearly a minute. A calm was falling upon the mother's spirit.

"He has such a dreadful temper, Mary! If it is not subdued now, it will curse his whole life. You don't know how it troubles me."

"Your duty, it seems to me, is very plain, sister," was the answer.

"I must break that temper while he is a child."

"You cannot. It will only gain strength by conflict," replied the sister.

"Is the case, then, so hopeless? I will not believe it, Mary."

"Oh, no—not hopeless by any means. How does the oak gain strength and vigorous life? Look at its rugged trunk; its gnarled and twisted branches, and read the history of its strife with tempest and tornado through half a century. So it is, by action, resistance, and conflict that our passions are matured. Do you imagine that the excitement through which your child has passed will weaken the bad temper of which you complain? Has it not, on the contrary, given it increased strength?"

The sister paused.

"There was not a sign of evil in his happy little face when we entered the library."

"But he was doing wrong," said the mother.

"Had you told him that he must not build houses with books?"

"Yes, forty times. There isn't an hour in the

day that I don't have to check, or reprove, or punish him for one kind of mischief or another. He knew it was wrong."

"Maybe you check, and reprove, and punish him too much, Anna," suggested the sister. "There is danger of error in this direction, when the child's mind is unusually active. The stream that glides along smoothly enough through the level meadow, will fret, and chafe, and dash madly forward if rocky obstructions come in its way."

"But children must not be permitted to do as they please. They would soon be ruined," said the mother.

"If you put a dam across the stream, or throw huge rocks into the midst of its gently gliding current, you do not stop its progress; but only swell its volume until it overflows the banks, or distorts its surface with swirling eddies. Mere opposition to a child's desires effects about as little good. It only gives them a morbid force. We should not repress activity, but seek to give it a right direction. I will venture to affirm, Anna, that if, when we went into the library just now, we had entered with some manifestation of interest into what John was doing, and then pleasantly explained to him that the use he was making of his father's books was injuring them, and that he must return them to the library, he would have replaced them on the shelves without a word of objection. There would have been, in that case, no mental injury sustained through excitement of a passionate temper. The sky of his mind would have remained clear, and sweet peace would now be in his heart, instead of sullen rebellion. Dear sister, a child's immortal soul is a more precious thing than whole libraries of costly books, or even the rich furniture in a king's palace. While we guard his external surroundings with a due regard to order, and prevent, as well for his sake as for these, disorder and blind destruction, we must never forget that the jewel is more to be regarded than the casket. A scratched table, a torn or defaced book, or even a costly thing broken, are small evils compared with a scratched, defaced, or distorted mind. Forgive me for saying it, my sister, but I have always thought that parents are most to blame for the bad tempers and passionate outbursts of their children; and this little trouble with John only confirms the opinion. I say it kindly; may, Anna, in tender love. Be not hurt, then, nor offended; but, for the sake of your bright, beautiful boy, lay up my words in your heart."

The mother sat sober and thoughtful. Her sister had not spoken in vain. Truth had awakened conviction. Suddenly rising, and kissing her sister in token of forgiveness, she left the room and went to the library. John was still lying upon the floor where he had thrown himself. But he had ceased crying. He heard his mother's footsteps; but did not move. Experience had taught him that reproof, it might be punishment, was in store for him; and so he awaited in stubborn silence, for whatever unpleasant consequence might come.

"John." It was a low, soft, tender, almost sad voice, and the word was spoken close to his ear. He started in sudden surprise, and raised his face from the floor.

"Come, dear." The voice was even tenderer; and a warm hand grasped his with a firm pressure.

"Oh, mother!" The child started up with this exclamation, and, in a passion of tears, threw his arms about her neck, and hid his face in her bosom. Tightly she held him there, and lovingly she kissed his pure forehead.

"I didn't mean to do wrong, mother!" said the boy. "I love to build houses; and father said yesterday that if I didn't hurt the books, I might take some of them."

The mother only kissed him again, and drew her arms, in token of love, more tightly around him. What could she say to words that came to her ears with such cutting rebuke?

"You love me, mother, don't you?" asked the child.

"Yes, dear, yes! Better than all the world," was the almost sobbing answer.

"And I love you, mother. And I'll try to be good always. Won't you ask father to buy me some building blocks; and then I'll not want his books?"

"Yes. You shall have a box full to-morrow."

"You're a good mother," said little John. "Only sometimes—"

The child paused, as if in doubt.

"Only what, dear?"

"You won't be angry if I say it, will you?"

"No—no, dear. Say on."

"Only sometimes you scold me so, and jerk me up when I ain't doing any harm as I can see. And then I get so mad—and I can't help it. And I'm sorry. O, dear! I wish I never was mad!"

And with a half-shudder, as if some very painful idea was forced upon his young mind, little John buried his face close down upon his mother's bosom again, and lay there very still.

No more words passed then between the mother and child; but scales had been removed from the mother's vision, and she saw that her precious boy had generous feelings and right impulses, and that for his many exhibitions of a naturally quick temper, she was most to blame.

"Thanks for your truthful words, dear sister!" she said, a little while afterwards. "I shall have cause to bless you for them in all coming time."

And it was even so.

THE APRIL STORM.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

I know how the wild sea looks to-day. The sky is gray and dark, and bending close down to the angry waves, and the waves themselves are white with crests of foam, and spring upward toward the sky, as if they would bid defiance to it. Out in the harbor you can see the tall masts of ships that have furled all their sails, and rock upon the water, and if a little boat goes gliding along, now mounting an angry billow, and now plunging down into the trough of the sea, it looks like an egg-shell in your eyes, and you wonder how any human being can tempt Providence in so mad a way.

Here, among the mountains, it is a dreadful day. The wind rushes around the corner of the house as if it would tear the great trees up by their roots, and the rain comes beating up in frenzy against the window-panes. No living thing is in sight—for the cattle are safe in the barn-yard, under the shed, and even the little birds have hurried to their nests. Look out from the window, and you only see a dreary, silent stretch of country, with naked trees tossing their long arms in the face of an angry sky. It is a lonely scene—and how different from yesterday.

Three years ago I loved these storms. I used to step from my little study into a vine-wreathed porch, and look out upon the harbor, by the hour. My home was near the sea, and by winding my arm around the stone pillar of the porch, I could lean far out over the balcony, and feel the cold salt spray dashed into my face. It was a glorious sight—the ocean in a storm. This barren waste of land on which I now look, fills me with vague regrets

—but that was grand in its desolation, and, gazing out upon it, I could forget myself, and think only of what was before me.

It is strange how intimately scenery becomes connected with some of the strongest passions and emotions of the human mind. We gaze out upon a fair and sunny landscape, in midsummer, as we lie beneath the trees, and a vague sadness steals over us, because the eyes whose beauty has sunk into our hearts, cannot look upon it, too; we look up at the moon as she floats serenely through the deep blue sky, and sigh, thinking of the days that are no more. Nay, a storm like this which now roars on land and sea, sets us brooding over the memories of the past, and our tears fall with the rain.

It is a day for sadness. No heart can quite withstand the influence of such a dreary time. Those who are grouped around the social fireside, with all they love best beside them, will still grow thoughtful, now that the twilight comes stealing on. They will delay the coming of lights—they will linger around the blazing hearth, and speak in soft tones of the places they have seen, and the people they have known; the hand of the maiden will rest, without fear of reproof, in that of her lover's, and over all the gay group a feeling will steal—

"A feeling of sadness and longing"

"Which resembles sorrow only"

"As the mist resembles the rain!"

There are many who will be sad to-night. The mother will think of her baby, who lies in the churchyard, far from her pleasant home, and weep that this cold rain is falling on its buried head. The worn and weary business man will remember his youth—the woman, to whom the light of fame has been like a dazzling meteor, will turn away, and sit down in the gathering darkness. I think of lost friends, and lost loves, with moistened eyes—we shall all, through the length and breadth of this great land, be hiding some secret grief from each other, and looking sadly on the skeleton that frowns upon us from our closet.

It is night—the wind and rain have ceased, and great flakes of snow are falling softly down upon the furrowed earth, like words of pity on a wounded heart. I read a lesson there, and close my eyes above the tears that will have their way, and still the aching of my rebellious heart. For as the snow is falling to-night over every grave upon the earth, and hiding turf and marble headstone in a cold white mantle—even so will the snows of Time descend upon the graves in our hearts, and cover them forever from our sight. The evening may be dark and gloomy, but "joy cometh in the morning," and we shall gird on our armor and fight the battle of life, with a solemn feeling in our souls that every trial and every sorrow has been only for the best.

VALUABLE MAXIMS.

Never, unless you are an expert horseman, attempt to show off a spirited animal before your friends, else you may be made to kiss the dust; for the horse is a sagacious brute, and soon discovers the incapacity of his rider.

Never sign an accommodation bill, for when once "on the ice," it is impossible to predict the result.

Never laugh at your own jokes, at least until the risibility of the company has been excited, when etiquette may perhaps permit you to give a gentle guffaw by way of accompaniment.

Never, in talking to your next neighbor, vociferate as if you were "hailing a ship at sea;" it is the custom of uneducated bores, with whom you stand a chance of being identified.

Never condemn your neighbor unheard, however many the accusations which may be preferred against him; every story has two ways of being told, and justice requires that you should hear the defense as well as the accusation, and remember that the malignity of enemies may place you in a similar predicament.

Never, if you are in the habit of giving recitations, allow yourself, from the indiscreet and hyperbolic encomiums of friends, to suppose that you are a Roscius, and keep in mind that you may be flattered to be laughed at.

Never get into a passion because others will not agree with you in opinion; you are not infallible, and moreover, diversity of opinion is the very life and soul of conversation; at the same time, we confess there are some dogmatists who never speak "rhyme nor reason," and who sadly try the temper.

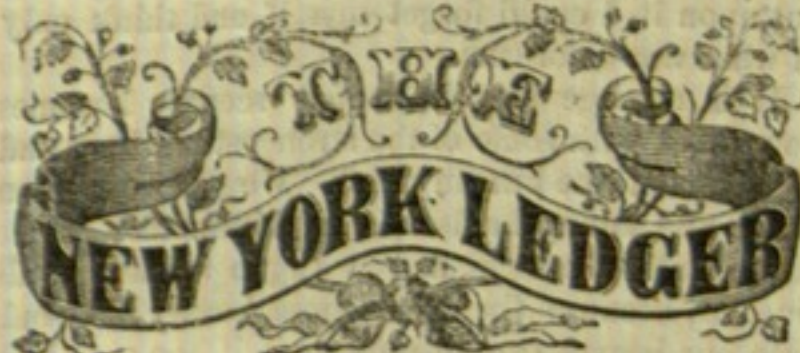
Never trouble others with the recital of your misfortunes; communications of this description are never pleasing, and, at all events, sympathy cannot counteract the decrees of fate; and, moreover, if you are given to such disclosures, you will be dubbed "knight of the rueful countenance"—a personage who is no favorite at convivial meetings, or, indeed, anywhere.

Never refuse, if it be in your power, to aid the unfortunate; a generous act is always followed with a glow of happiness, far surpassing any mere animal gratification.

Never harbor animosity towards a friend for a mere hasty expression; forgiveness is a godlike quality, and a true friend is so scarce a commodity, that he should not be repudiated on slight grounds; but those who injure you from "malice prepense" should be shunned as you would avoid a tiger.

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other would we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved—when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection—when the sudden anguish, and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it, even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb, sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn, even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave! the grave! it buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compassionate thought, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!



ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1858.

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HUMAN PROGRESS.

It is not four centuries since Copernicus was ridiculed for asserting the daily revolution of our globe, and the comparative fixedness of the sun in the heavens. He who now would stand forth to assert the contrary would not be ridiculed, but would merit universal pity and contempt. The earth moves, even as the brave old German, and the later, and more persecuted Italian, Galileo, demonstrated; but not more sure and wonderful is the movement of our globe, and the universe of which it is but a fraction, than is the march and progress of the human mind. Practical and flooded with light as is our age, we are too near to, and familiar with, its many marvels, to appreciate them—to feel truly and fully the advance we enjoy in knowledge, skill and toleration (which embraces the nobler humanities), as compared with even our forefathers on this soil.

Had there arisen, in the days of Salem Witchcraft, prophets prophesying the half of what has been discovered and demonstrated among men, from the birth of the steam engine to the launch of the "Leviathan," those prophets would have been hooted and stoned, and, most likely, have had their heresies, and lancies, and evil spirits of whatever kidney, purged by rope and faggot. That which is commonplace enough with our age, and which we are in nowise astonished to see excelled or done away any day, is much of it really more fabulous, measured by the judgment of two centuries ago, than any conjuration of Cagliostro—more strange, and fanciful, and revolutionizing, than the geni of the Arabian tales.

And perhaps the most notable, as well as the noblest proof of human progress, lies in this superior toleration which pervades the mind of our age, and which forbids, in the name of both God and man, that anything shall be cried down by bigotry or prejudice, but rather demands that all things shall stand or fall in keeping with the dignity of human reason. True, here and there, owing to the personal necessities and perturbations of tyrants, there is lack of freedom of speech on certain themes within the pale of Christendom, but the time has passed, irrevocably, in all Christendom, when king or ruler dare to torture or martyr a Copernicus or a Galileo. The human intellect can speak out fearlessly in behalf of science and art over the civilized world, whether it be to confirm or to overthrow old knowledge and ideas. This is the very grandest conquest which the human mind has achieved. In securing and establishing toleration for intellect, it has thrown open the whole kingdom of error to the assault of investigation, before which no wrong nor lie can long stand. With this attainment, all other desirable progress is possible.

SPRING AGAIN.

Winter has flown back to its frigid zone. Milder than winters are wont to be, it had yet enough of frost and snow to pinch many an ill-starred wanderer upon the earth. And now the spring comes forth, chill and blustering in her March hours, but doomed to brighten and soften under the mild influence of

"April in tears, and blushing May,
The crown and glory of the spring."

In the maple orchards busy hands have been gathering nature's sweets, while over the farm-fields the plowman, the seed-sower and the shepherd blithely ply their healthy, honest tasks. How the landscape changes and is glorified from day to day. How fresh and tender the springing grass and the young leaves—how fair each swelling bud and fragrant blossom. The birds are jubilant in the trees—martin, wren, oriole and robin—and the leaping brooklets are not more musical than the piping frogs that concertize along their rusky margins. Under the glowing sun all things revive; vegetable and insect life are renewed; the fishes return to their haunts, and the angler to his sports. Resurrection season of the year! how impressively it should teach us the power and goodness of God, and that, if all lesser life be thus recreated, surely the soul of man may hope for a spring-time and an eternal summer, beyond the wintry valley and shadow of death.

LIFE OBJECTS.

An objectless life! What is it but a life of misery? No being can be happy while leading it. He who leads it involuntarily is to be commiserated. He who does it of choice is worthy to be despised! It is better far to wear out than to rust out. No amount of wealth can excuse a state of inertia, in a healthy human being, in a world of activities like this. Every one should do something. He should do it for the benefit of others, if not for himself.

But fortunate it is that idleness vindicates Nature's prescription of activity by the punishment it is sure to bring upon the idler, such as a dyspeptic stomach, flaccid muscles, and all the other consequences of blood that is stagnant, for lack of exercise, when it should be stimulating every organ, in its proper turn, to its legitimate functions in that system which has been truly pronounced fearfully and wonderfully made.

Let each one, then, have a life-object! Without this and the activities it calls forth, he cannot expect to be either healthful or happy.

WAR.

Save in the far East, pursued against races still involved in barbarism, war has retired from, and peace covers, the face of the earth. Within the wide pale of Christendom, carnage has folded its banners and closed its red wings, and the nations for once rest from conflict. Divine agencies move a mightier machinery of fraternal industry, and the armed brain triumphs over the steel-gloved hand. It is a glorious spectacle to behold—would that it were universal and never to be changed.

War is a terrible avocation at best, and pursued simply as a trade, or for ambitious ends, excites our horror. Nothing can be more monstrous than the picture of man lifting weapons of death against his brother, for the sake of plunder or revenge. Yet, the earth has been trampled by iron feet, and sodden like a headman's block with the blood of ages. War, from the instinct of savage races to the highest policies of civilization, has been the avowed courier of the world. It has stalked up and down the earth like a reeking giant, followed by fire and famine, and at a blow has widowed nations.

It was not that man loved death and courted ruin, that all this desolation sprang forth. He was coerced or deluded. Fear and pride, or the glittering bait of plunder, led him forth most frequently on the path of blood. He saw not in the bivouac, the flaming camp fires, nor on the field where fate held the balance of life-or-death, his own mangled body—his happy home, perchance, in some sweet far-away valley, golden with sunshine—nor the kindred who buckled on his armor. A sound of the trumpet—a charge—one fierce yell, as the bullet pierced the heart or the sabre the brain, and the soldier lay stark in his gore. Such has been the common lot of war. Schiller saw it truly when he said—

"Straightforward goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches."

OVERLAND TO THE PACIFIC.

The chairman of the Congressional Pacific Railroad Committee has at length reported in favor of a road, having its great termini at St. Louis and San Francisco. The plan, as reported, strikes us as being feasible, and, within the ten years named for its building, of easy accomplishment. The aid proposed to be extended by the Federal Government, in lands and mail contracts, is moderate compared with the claims of the Whitney project in vogue some years ago. The road is to strike the South Pass in crossing the mountain range, which will bring the greater portion of the whole line within tolerable climate, and an almost unbroken rich stretch of country, abounding in timbered, mineral and farming lands. Two branches running South, and two running north, are proposed to tap the main line at given points, thus balancing the sectional advantages. The proposed cost of the road is stated at thirty millions (\$30,000,000), allowing ten thousand dollars per mile for the easiest portion of the road, and fifteen thousand for the more difficult portions.

We hope that this or some plan will be acted upon by the present session, and that a road will be decreed. Our control of the commerce of the world, and our rank as the foremost nation, cannot be denied from the hour when we possess a worthy overland road to the Pacific. No hundred million of dollars laid out otherwise could so develop and enrich the heart of our own empire, as would this railroad; and if, instead of costing thirty, it cost twice thirty millions, it would still be the best investment Jonathan ever made. All our delays in this matter, since the American people are resolved on the road, are folly, inasmuch as they encourage other schemes of transit.

A REMARKABLE WITNESS.

Those who have only casually observed and reflected on the mighty revolutions accomplished by steam, in nearly all departments of human industry and enterprise, and especially in the navigation of the world's waters, and the operations of travel and commerce, can scarcely have an adequate conception of the gigantic triumph of this subtle element in less than half a century. But there was a man among a festival party gathered in England some months ago, in honor of the launch of a new Cunard steamer, who could feel all the greatness of this triumph. That man was the Dean of Ripon, England, who, being toasted, stated that just about half a century ago, he accompanied Robert Fulton on his first steamer trial trip on the Hudson river, that being the first successful trial ever made. He thanked God that he had been spared to witness the triumph of steam, and said that, coupled with the long succession of art triumphs which he had carefully observed, on the sea and on the land, he was glad to say the triumphs of peace, intelligence and a broader brotherhood had gone hand in hand. He trusted and prayed that this would continue to be the history of steam, the most potent of all the agencies of enterprise and civilization. The launch of the "Leviathan" will not be likely to lessen the enthusiastic Dean's admiration of the conquests of steam.

THOSE "SWEET TURKS."

It is reported amongst fashionable circles of this city, that a distinguished Turk in the suite of the rear admiral of the Sublime Porte, who has been creating such a furore here for some weeks past, had made a deep impression on the susceptible hearts of certain silly "upper-ten" ladies, all of whom were ready to be led to the altar by the oriental blackamoor, whenever he should see fit to take such a rash step. These ladies at last came to such a pass that they could talk of nothing but "those sweet Turks," and "that sweet Turkish costume," and turned their attention chiefly to the study of the Ottoman Empire, and the manners and customs of the people. But all at once their enthusiasm was dampened, nay, quenched. The "sweet Turk" exhibited to them a number of Indian-rubber socks, which he said he considered the greatest invention of the age, and worthy of the genius of a great and free people like ours. On being asked why he valued them so highly, he replied that they were just the things in which to enclose his wives when he got tired of them, preparatory to throwing them into the Bosphorus, and that he should take home a large assortment for that purpose. It is, perhaps, needless to say that the ladies now always speak of the sack-enthusiast as "that horrid Turk."

A REAL MISCREANT.

There is a fellow living in Boston, the Athens of America, who will not go to bed before his wife does, because he says "he ain't a-going to warm it for her." His wife lately expostulated with him, but he told her she didn't appreciate him, and in order to palliate his baseness, said that he knew of a man who always made his wife go to bed first and warm it nicely, and about fifteen minutes afterwards he would turn her out of the warm place and then get in himself! Do we live in a Christian land? Stands Boston where it did?

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

OLD-FASHIONED THOUGHTS.

It is a melancholy fact that not one girl in ten now-a-days knows how to sew. "Twas not so in my time," as the old ladies say, with an ominous shake of the head. No; in my school-days proper attention was given to rivers, bays, capes, islands, and cities in the forenoon—interspersed with, "I love, thou lovest, he, she, or it loves;" then, at the child's hungry hour—(twelve)—we were dismissed to roast-beef and apple-dumplings. At three we marched back with a comfortable dinner under our aprons—with cool heads, rosy cheeks, and a tinkle in our pockets; and never a book did we see all the blessed afternoon. I see her—the school-ma'am, (angels see her now,) with her benevolent face, and ample bosom—your flat-chested woman never should keep school, she has no room for the milk of human kindness; I see her sitting on that old cane-bottomed chair, going through the useless ceremony of counting noses, to see if there were any truants; and of course there never were from choice, for our teacher never forgot that she was once a child herself. I see her calling one after another to take from her hand a collar, or wristbands, or shirt-bosom to stitch, or some button-holes to make;—good old soul! and then, when we were all seated, how she drew from her pocket some interesting book and read it aloud to us—not disdaining to laugh at the funny places, and allowing us to do the same—hearing, well-pleased, all our childish remarks, and answering patiently all our questions concerning the story, or travels, or poetry she was reading, while our willing fingers grew still more nimble; and every child uttered an involuntary "Oh!" when the sun slanted into the west window, telling us that afternoon school was over.

Ab, those were the days! I bless that school-mistress every time I darn a stocking, or make or mend a garment; and I am glad for her own sake that she is not alive now, to see the ologies and isms that are thumped into children's heads to the exclusion of things better suited to their age, and which all the French and Italian that ever was mispronounced by fashion can never take the place of in practical life. Yes—girls then knew how to sew. Where will you find a school-girl who does it deftly now? who does not hate a needle, and most clumsily wield it when compelled to? and not by her own fault, poor thing! though her future husband may not be as ready as I to shield her with this excuse. Modern mothers never seem to think of this. Male teachers, with buttonless shirts on their own backs, seem to ignore it. No place for the needle in school, and no time on account of long lessons out. Where is a modern girl to learn this all-important branch of education, I want to know? A fig for your worsted work, your distorted cats, and rabbits, and cows! Give me the girl who can put a shirt together, or the feminine of a shirt either—which, by the way, I could never see the propriety of mentioning, any more than its male, though I am not going to make any old maid scream by saying "chemise"—of course not!

I am concerned for the rising generation; spinally in the first place, stitch-ically in the second. All the stitches they know of now are in their sides; poor things! I should like every school-house to have a play-ground, where the pupils could stay when they were not in school—which should be almost never, until ventilation, recesses, and school-hours are better regulated—in fact, till the whole system is everlastingly commonsensical, tipped over, and buried fathoms under ground, and only spoken of as the tortures of the Inquisition are spoken of—with shuddering horror—as remnants of darkness and barbarism. I don't want children to be burned up, but I don't care how many school-houses burn down. I consider every instance a special interposition of Providence; and even if some of the children are burned—horrible as that is—it is not a quicker mode of death than that they are daily put through, poor, tortured things!

Every breath of the beautiful spring makes me sigh for the pale prisoners, whom I see, with their hungry stomachs clinging to their aching backbones, coming staggering home, at three o'clock, under a load of unintelligible school-books. I turn from them, delightedly, to the bare-headed, bare-footed urchins, making bridges with chips over muddy gutters, while the fresh air blows their hair over their healthy brown cheeks. Mud and water are better than hot stoves and cold "moral science;" and a cracker eaten on a curb-stone better than the daintiest dinner when the appetite is gone, and the stomach too exhausted to perform the office of digestion. All that you pour into a vessel after it is full of course runs to waste. All the lessons forcibly crammed into children's heads after three consecutive hours of instruction, in my opinion, does the same; and I make no exception as to the age of the pupil. FANNY FEIN.

MASKED BALLS.

The "masked ball" has long been under the ban of decent society. Paris is the only place on the globe where it is attended with any *clat*, and even there respectable people are careful how they are caught taking a prominent part in it. The masked ball gives scope for the concentration, play and expansion of all the worst elements and passions which purulent human nature is so prone to develop under the influences of voluptuous dissipation. And yet it is proposed that this baneful institution shall be transplanted from Paris to New York—that the chiefest saturnalia of Parisian lovettes shall be naturalized here for the delectation and demoralization of the young men and women of this metropolis. It is fortunate that, just at the time when this impudent attempt to introduce such a pernicious scheme of dissipation is to be made, there should be such a universal awakening of the consciences of men, accompanied with such deep and wide-spread religious convictions and conversions. While good men and women worship daily in the churches, an occasional "masked ball" at the Academy of Music, thronged by gamblers, swindlers, ruffians, and their wretched female companions, can do but little harm compared to the evil such gatherings might work in a less actively religious season.

THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

It is a common complaint, which is far from groundless, that the education of the heart is woefully neglected in our schools as well as in our colleges. We say "as well as in our colleges," because this is notoriously neglected in most of the higher institutions of learning.

It was the observation of a great reformatory divine, that he who acquires his learning at the expense of his morals is the *worse* for his education. Viewed in this light, how can the educators of youth so frequently neglect the education of the heart?

REMEMBER THIS.—He that scoffs at the crooked had need go very upright himself. Misfortune is not a fault.

DREAM-LAND.

BY MARY FORRESTER.

When one is at peace with the world, and one's self, and one's supper, how gently the white angel leads one by the hand into Elysium! A very strange and fantastic place it is, with queer, intangible groupings, and odd transitions; but a soft enchantment beguiles you into perfect faith. Dear, demented, dim, delicious Dream-land! The earth was never so green, the flowers so fair, the skies so grandly calm and protective. Everything is shimmering, changing, glorified. The four corners of the globe, the ideal world, and Heaven itself have yielded up their treasures. The beloved who were, and are, and shall be ever more, are with you. Here, in a quiet valley, is the old child-home; the grave paternal, with the old volume of metaphysics; the dear mother, sitting meek and placid in the old, trustful abeyance; the noble elm, that was shattered years ago by a thunderbolt, standing green and royal by the gate. You sit down in the Palace Beautiful with nymphs and graces, and the gods themselves, to a feast of reason and ambrosia. You find in some "Lost Bower," musical with falling waters, the chiming of invisible bells, and the tread of fairy feet, the child Lily, who said, "Father! mother!"—then left off.

For tongues celestial, titter—
Whose hair had grown just long enough
To catch Heaven's jasper glitter;
and while you gather her to your heart with a great, comfortable gladness, and go forth beneath the palm-trees, there cometh another, whose blue eyes sometime shut you out from their heaven; white arms enfold you both—the riven trinity is restored. Verily, you have walked hand in hand with the Spirit of Peace.

To-night your soul is in shadow; the world has been rude and rough to you; your own will has played you false; you had cannon-balls for supper; and a black devil whirled you into Pandemonium. Drifting, dreadful, dark, demoniac Dream-land! The skies are gorgeous with purple and crimson, but the air stifles and oppresses you. You stand on a bare rock, where the wild waves are dashing, and afar off drifts your fairy isle of last night, from which white hands are tossing and waving in mockery. An angel, with your mother's smile and calm eyes, floats just above you; you reach after the vision, and an ugly witch sails away on a broom-stick. Your beautiful One rises from the sea like a fresh Undine, and lays her hand in yours, but when you stoop to look into her fathomless eyes—lo! the play of a serpent's tail in the waters beyond. You are falling—falling, fainting and horror-struck—through miles of dreadful space; you are flying mid-way between ocean and sky, and not a spar to rest upon; you sit at a sumptuous banquet, starving; you are running for your life, with a mad dog in hot pursuit; you are a crazy old tower, that vibrates in every breeze, and at last topples over with a crash; you are wading through marshes and fens, with an unknown child in your arms, and fauns and satyrs dance around you, and will-o'-the-wisps beckon you on; the house is on fire—the flames crackling in your ears—the smoke suffocating you—and no power to awake and flee; you are sailing on a still lake, that suddenly changes to the roar and plunge of Niagara, and you shoot over the Fall. You have walked hand in hand with the Spirit of Unrest.

Sup lightly; go to your pillow with no uncomfortable secrets; kiss your hand to those who hate you, while your lips are pressing the fair brows of the loved and loving; pray God to forgive the day's wrong done and good undone; and the angel of the enchanted Isle shall stand always at the gate of your Dream-land.
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"HE THAT WALKETH UPRIGHTLY WALKETH SURELY."

This is one of Solomon's proverbs; and we would that it were deeply impressed on the mind of every reader of the LEDGER, more particularly of the young reader. It should be engraven in letters of gold, and treasured up as a motto adapted for every emergency. To walk uprightly is the best way to walk surely! Is not this the experience of every full-grown reader, of every man who has observed the "ups and downs" of life? Most undoubtedly it is. Then why do so many pursue a crooked, dishonest course, trusting to their ability to cheat and deceive, instead of relying upon their integrity and pursuing an upright course? Is not such a policy silly and foolish on their part? Do they not dig for themselves the pit into which they fall? But aside from this, the consolation that the honest man has in the knowledge that he is "walking uprightly" is of more value to him than all the riches that have ever been accumulated by trickery and under-hand measures.

"DID I NOT DRUM WELL?"

Envious and malignant minds which have never risen above their native levels, frequently delight in reminding those persons who have gained elevation of character of what they had been, rather than awarding praise for meritorious conduct, through which alone eminence can be attained. The best way to silence such, is to convince them that their ebullitions of spleen can have no weight upon the feelings of those on whom they are designed to act. A mechanic, who had performed indifferently a piece of work for a distinguished merchant, in a dispute with the latter about the affair, thought to carry his point by reminding him that he had known him when he was "only a drummer." Instead of being mortified or disconcerted by the taunt, the wealthy merchant calmly replied, by the significant question, "And did I not drum well?"

RUFFIANS PASSING AWAY.

It has been said that nature and society, considered in the aggregate, always adjust matters by an inflexible system of balances and compensations, so that, at last, time sets all things even. This seems to be the case with regard to our ruffians. The same disposition which leads them to quarrel with others, breeds contests among themselves, and one after another they are summarily disposed of by the knife or pistol, to the great gain of decent people. In this city we have had occasion not to mourn over the death of many of these ruffians within a few years, and the prospect is that the animosities bequeathed by the departed to their partisans, will, before long, relieve us of those of the "same sort left."

PLUMPNESS AND ENVY.—One of the worst things to fatten on is envy. In our opinion, it is as difficult for a grudging man to raise a double chin, as it is for a bankrupt to raise a loan. Plumpness comes not from roast beef, but from a good heart and cheerful disposition.

PRETTY.—Longfellow, in his beautiful story of "Kavannah," calls Sunday "the golden clasp which binds together the volume of the week." A pretty idea.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. FRIEDTICK.

The moral and physical vigor imparted to us, by Anger as a salutary means of defence, is immediately lessened when, by its intemperate and reckless exercise, we would pervert it into a dangerous instrument of aggression. Blind and unmanageable rage, approaching to the nature of madness, not only obscures the reason but often paralyzes for a moment the better energies—a paroxysm which fortunately serves as a protection both to ourselves and others. Protective nature makes us sometimes blind and weak, for the same reason that the fleet grayhound has no sense of smell, and the quick-scented bloodhound no swiftness of foot.

ANTIQUITY is the stalking-horse on which knaves and bigots invariably mount when they want to ride over the timid and the credulous. Never do we hear so much solemn talk about the time-hallowed institutions and approved wisdom of our ancestors as when attempts are made to remove some starting monument of their folly. Every elderly man is an ancestor to his former self. Let him compare his boyish notions and feelings with his matured judgment, and then consider that what the child is to the man the past generation are to the present.

THE real Atheist is the mammonite, who, making "godliness a great gain," worships a golden calf and calls it God; or the miserable fanatic, who, endowing the phantom of his own fear and folly with the worst passions of the worst men, degrades the Deity to set up a demon, and curses all those who will not curse themselves by joining in his horrid idolatry.

"I SAY, Phil, who is the pretty girl I saw you walking with on last Sunday evening?" "Miss Hogges!" "Hogges! well, she's to be pitied for having such a name!" "So I think, Joe," rejoined Phil; "I pitied her too much that I offered her mine, and she's going to take it soon."

WHAT is called the keeping up of appearances is oftentimes a moral or rather immoral uttering of counterfeit coin. It is astonishing how much human bad money is current in society, bearing the fair impress of ladies and gentlemen.

A THEATRICAL audience is a crowd of people, called an audience perhaps for the reason that they cannot hear. The actors speak with their hands and feet, and the spectators listen with their eyes.

We know of a beautiful girl, who would prove a capital speculation for a fortune-hunter of the right sort. Her voice is of silver, her hair of gold, her teeth of pearl, her cheeks of rubies, and her eyes of diamonds.

A BEREAVED husband publishes in a Western paper that his dearly beloved wife bore him twelve children and never gave him an unkind word in her life. The motto of that woman probably was to "bear and forbear."

ONE of our finest writers says that "the nightly dew comes down upon us like blessings." How very differently the daily dew comes down upon us in these hard times.

"I WOULD do anything to gratify you, I would go to the end of the world to please you," said a fervent lover to the object of his affections. "Well, sir, go there and stay, and I shall be pleased."

"BONIFACE!" exclaimed a hungry traveler to his landlord, after several vain attempts to masticate a piece of a rooster, "do you suppose that I can eat the Old Scratcher himself?"

AN aeronaut staid, in reference to a balloon accident, that, owing to the extreme gustiness of the weather, he refused to allow any stranger to accompany the risk of the ascent. The party who accompanied him was only his wife.

A YOUNG lady lately appeared in male attire at Baltimore; and one of the editors says that her disguise was so perfect she might have passed for a man, "had she a little more modesty!"

AN old coquette, looking into a glass, and seeing her wrinkles, cried: "This new glass is not worth a farthing. They cannot make mirrors so well as they used to do."

A NEW HAVEN editor speaks of a recent storm which "reared so loud that you couldn't hear a dog bark." We suppose that the bark of the dogs, like an occasional bark of the coast of Connecticut, was lost in the Sound.

An acquaintance of ours last week succeeded in picking a lock that had defied the skill of all the experts of the country. He picked it for himself from among a dozen other keys without a moment's hesitation.

"BOY! did you not let that gun?" exclaimed an enraged schoolmaster. "Yes, master." "Well, what do you think I will do to you?" "Why, let me off."

WHEN a young man complains bitterly that a young lady has no heart, it is a pretty certain sign that she at least has *his*.

A FRENCH princess being told that the poor in Paris were dying of starvation, said, "What silly people! Before I'd starve, I'd eat brown bread and mutton."

MISERS, who never use what they have, may justly be compared to toads that have numberless "stoals" and never sit on them.

THOSE who will not take lawful pleasures will be very likely to take unlawful ones, and, by laying themselves too tight, grow awry on one side.

CURRENT ITEMS.

JOHN HENDRIX, an old hunter, of the Southwest, was not long since attacked, on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, about five miles below Matamoros, by a huge snake, which sprang upon and coiled around him so suddenly, that he had no time to climb the monster. Knowing by the terrible pressure of the reptile's coils, that if he would escape he must be expeditious, Hendrix, with his hunting knife, commenced cutting the snake's body in two where it passed over his breast. This, with a few strokes of his knife, he succeeded in doing, and down dropped the two halves, squirming on each side of him. He then shot the head off of the upper part of the serpent's body, and all signs of life soon ceased. On measuring the carcass, it was found to be nearly fifteen feet long, and about four inches in diameter in the largest part.

SUSAN DORSEIMER, a little German girl, about five years old, whose parents reside in the Sixth Avenue, on going to the door when the bell was rung, a few mornings since, found an old beggar woman there, and, in obedience to her mother's instructions, told her to go away, whereupon the woman struck her on the head with a stick so violently that the child's life was despaired of for many hours.

AN avalanche occurred in Plumas county, California, a few weeks since; an immense mass of snow and ice came thundering down the mountain, plowing up the earth, and overwhelming everything in its path. Two cabins of miners were swept away, and a man and a boy killed. Several others, including a woman and a child, were buried beneath the mass, but, strange to say, were dug out unharmed.

MICHAEL BRENNAN, an accomplished gentleman and graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, recently published his wife—a most beautiful lady—and three children with prussic acid, at Grass Valley, California, and then committed suicide by taking a dose of the same poison. The reason assigned for this was the failure of mining operations, and the overwhelming indebtedness of Mr. Brennan.

A notorious villain of Monterey, named Jesse Anastasia, who confessed to two murders on the gallows, was recently hung in that city, notwithstanding a petition for his pardon, signed by all the leading Mexican residents of the place, who prayed that Jose might not be hung, as, he being the only father in Monterey, it was impossible for them to carry on their *fandangas* without him!

It is reported that the province of Sonora, which the church party of Mexico are anxious to see to the United States, is richer in golden treasures even than California; and old and experienced miners are getting ready to enter its "diggings," as soon as the star-spangled banner shall wave over its soil.

The last news from Utah is that Brigham Young and his deluded myrmidons are determined to fight any force that the government of the United States may send against them.

MR. HENRY T. HOOKS, of the town of Pittsfield, Mass., a short time since took from his well, which he cleaned on account of the bad taste of the water, four hundred and eighty-two dead frogs.

SOME of our fashionable ladies have taken to wearing treble-soled boots. Although this is an extreme of fashion, it is to be preferred to that of wearing paper-soled shoes.

In Greene county, Alabama, a white man was recently fined one thousand dollars, and sent to prison six months, for gambling with a negro.

A SCOTCH paper says that a short time since, a man on his way to be married, in the Highlands, was frozen to death within a mile of the residence of the bride.

The Petersburg Express records the marriage, in Dinwiddie county, Va., of a young man, twenty-two years of age, to a wealthy maiden lady, eighty-six years old.

QUARREL OF THE THUNDER AND THE SEA.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The kindly Thunder call'd
At midnight to the Sea,
Which rising up in wrath, exclaim'd,
"What is thy will with me?"

"Yield up the noble forms
That in thy caverns hide,—
The beautiful,—the brave of earth,—
Her glory and her pride."

"She ventured on my breast
Those jewels," said the Sea,
"If she hath not skill her own to keep,
Say,—what is that to me?"

Then loud the Thunder spoke,
Beckoning the Tempest nigh,—
"Thou wert a robber from thy birth,
We'll search thee, till we die."

Out laugh'd the mocking Sea,—
"On!—Do your worst with speed,—
There's none save the Strong Angel's Eye
My secret cells shall read,—

"But when at his command,
These depths restore their dead,
Where wilt thou be,—thou Windy Voice,
When clouds and skies have fled?"

Hartford, Conn., March 6, 1858.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE LAWYER ON THE PRISONER'S TRIAL.

The conversation with Tom Styles and the dark hints which that worthy person gave, produced a painful effect upon the morbidly sensitive mind of Mr. Bently. The world had lost its brightness; for confidence in his fellow-creatures was shaken. Perhaps one of the most difficult lessons in life is, to get over the baneful feelings which repeated acts of deceit and treachery from those we most confide in, engender. His daughter had deceived and disappointed him; now his nephew—and the last blow was, if possible, far more painful than the first.

"We build our faith on ashes," murmured the old man, as he sat one morning at breakfast, after his return to London, in the luxuriously furnished library of his private residence. "I wish I had old Peter Mangles's confidence in my fellow-creatures. But it is destroyed, never to return. And this boy, whom I have permitted to grow, as it were, around my heart, to supply his mother's vacant place there, doubtless he will one day turn and sting me by some act of yet more monstrous ingratitude."

"No, no, I wrong him," he added, after a pause; "hitherto, I have found him truthful and sincere. I must see Morton; in his shrewd sense and knowledge of the world I may find counsel for my mind's disease—it is a mental physician I require, and not one for the body's ailments and infirmities."

With this resolution the speaker started from his home, and drove to the house of the friendly lawyer, whom he fortunately found in his office. The shrewd man of the world was in earnest conversation with his son Harry when he entered, and saw by the countenance of his client, that something painful had occurred; the fact was that he felt surprised at his visit, for he believed him to be still in Jersey.

"You had better leave me, Harry," said his father; "I have business to attend to; and that is a thing, you know, I never neglect."

The boy rose with a disappointed air to quit the room, but the visitor, remembering how warmly Richard had spoken of his schoolfellow, his unvarying kindness and friendship, held out his hand to him. The old man felt a pleasure in speaking with any one who had betrayed an interest in his grandson.

Harry withdrew, for he was about to pay a visit with his mother and sisters, and Mr. Morton and his client were left alone.

"What has occurred, my dear sir?" demanded the former.

"I am almost heartbroken," replied his visitor; "my faith in my fellow-creatures is beginning to abandon me."

"Why judge all from one?"

"Because all seem leagued against my happiness," answered the old man, mournfully; "first my child, then my nephew; and later, no doubt, my grandson."

"This is folly," exclaimed the man of law; "pardon the word, it is not the lawyer but the friend who speaks. You heard what my son said at your last visit. Since his return home, scarcely a day has passed that he has not importuned me upon the same theme; and he is not a lad to form a friendship upon light grounds; you heard yourself the enthusiastic terms in which he spoke of Richard."

"He may be deceived."

"Youth is seldom so upon such points. But you have been to Jersey; in fact, I thought you were still there."

"I have been."

"What brought you back so soon?"

"The life of my grandson has been attempted," exclaimed Mr. Bently, in great mental agony.

"The life?"

"Yes."

"By whom?"

"One who has eaten my bread for years," replied the merchant, "to whose orphan state I proved a father, my nephew, Carus Kearn. Now do you wonder that I am wretched?"

"Horrible!" ejaculated Mr. Morton.

"That is not the worst," added his visitor.

As collectedly as his agitation would permit, Mr. Bently proceeded to describe not only the manner of the attempt, but the conversation he had had with Tom Styles, and the doubt, the horrible doubt, it had engendered in his mind respecting the death of his wife.

"Assist me, counsel me," he said, as he concluded the sad tale; "for I feel like a child, nerveless and incapable of deciding for myself."

"The first step," replied the lawyer, after a pause, "is to secure, no matter how, at the risk of exposure or not, the safety of your grandson. I feel so interested on that point, that were you capable of neglecting the duty I would see to it myself."

"Thank you," murmured his client, grasping his hand, "thank you. You are the friend I require. Yes, yes, the poor boy's safety before every other consideration."

"However praiseworthy the motives of your conduct," continued Mr. Morton, "I have ever considered your right to separate Richard from his mother as a questionable one. But let that rest; we have no time to discuss it now; his safety is our first consideration."

"The very first," repeated the merchant, emphatically.

"How do you intend to act?"

"You must advise, assist me."

"It can only be done by one of two ways," observed the lawyer, after a few moments' reflection. "Name them."

"The first is by employing the evidence of this man Styles to bring your nephew to justice."

"And so proclaim to the world that I have adopted my grandson—that he is living under the care of the clergyman with whom I have placed him, enabling his father to claim him; for my right to the boy vanishes before his: any sacrifice rather than that."

"You cannot mean to deprive your daughter for ever of her son."

"Name them."

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"Name them."

"No," said the merchant, "only till her husband is reformed. We all know how weak the heart and resolutions of the drunkard are. His boy restored to him, George Hoffman would soon forget his promises of amendment."

"Perhaps not."

"I will not risk it."

"In that case," said the lawyer, "I must discover some resolute, intelligent person to reside upon the island and watch over Richard's safety. It will not be difficult to find such a man—in fact, I think I can place my hand upon him already; but it will be expensive, for his fidelity must be beyond temptation."

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ful round. "I'll do you good," he added, addressing himself more particularly to his twin.

The offer was accepted. All three partook of a glass of brandy, which had one good effect—it repressed the nausea which the oil had created, and brought the color once more to the cheeks of Andrew.

"There, I told yer so!" observed the convict.

"It certainly has done me good!" exclaimed the housekeeper, who acknowledged that she too had felt a little faint from waiting for her supper so long. "I declare my appetite has returned. A few more of the mushrooms, if you please?"

"Mike helped her plentifully."

"Come, Mr. Silex," added the woman, "I'll assist you."

Without paying the slightest regard to the angry look which the steward gave her, the speaker proceeded to assist him in a similar manner; and then began to eat heartily, in order to "encourage him." It was ludicrous to observe the contortions of the old man's features as he followed her example, uncertain whether or not the remedy, on which his confederates so confidently relied, might prove effectual.

"Well," murmured his brother, with a sigh of repitition, "I think I've had enough."

The steward pushed his plate from him; he thought so too; but the housekeeper, with a confidence which nothing could abate, quietly finished the contents of hers.

Although Andrew Silex proposed retiring at once to rest, under pretext that he had to rise early in the morning to attend to certain operations which were being carried on upon the farm, his brother was not to be persuaded. "He could never rest," he declared, "without his nightcap." Not a woeless or cotton one, as our readers in their simplicity might suppose—nothing of the kind; Mike's nightcap consisted neither more nor less than of sundry glasses of gin-and-wine.

"Habit is second nature," he philosophically observed, as he mixed the first.

The steward remained upon thorns whilst Mike sat smoking and indulging in his potations. Never had the moments passed so lazily. At last, the usual number of libations having been swallowed, the ex-convict knocked the ashes from his pipe, and admitted that it really was time to go to bed.

Before separating, he shook hands with Andrew and the housekeeper, and taking his candle from the table, withdrew.

For some minutes the confederates in crime sat regarding each other in silence: the man was the first to speak.

"A pretty scheme!" he observed.

The woman regarded him with an air of pity.

"I was a fool to listen to it," he continued. "It might have been done a dozen other ways, and quite as securely. Who knows but our own lives may pay the penalty of the attempt?"

"From the hands of justice?" demanded Margaret, disdainfully.

"No fear of that," observed her master; "but from having partaken of the accursed dish ourselves."

"You saw me eat of them?"

"I did," answered the steward, who appeared anything but satisfied with the assurance the question was intended to convey.

"And do you think that I am tired of life?"

"I don't exactly know whether you are or not; sometimes I imagine it to be a matter of indifference to you."

"It is not so yet."

There was a marked emphasis on the word "yet."

"What mean you?"

"That the time may come when death will be a welcome release," replied the housekeeper. "It would be so now could I but feel assured the dreams which haunt my pillow would not haunt me also in the grave. Do you ever dream?" she added, fixing her dark eyes searchingly upon him.

"Never."

"You are fortunate."

"Or if I do, I forget them," added the old man, with affected indifference.

"It's a lie, Andrew Silex!" exclaimed the woman, sharply. "You do dream; and, what is more, mutter strange words, and groan in your sleep. You forget that your room is next to mine, that a thin partition alone divides them. I often wake up in the dead hours of the night, the cold damp upon my forehead, and trembling in every limb. Then it is I hear you, and know that our punishment, like our crime, is mutual. No, no," she continued, still more wildly, "heaven is too just to permit either of us to escape."

"Nothing of the kind, I tell you," answered her companion, angrily. "If you hear me groan, it is with the pains and cramps of age."

The housekeeper uttered a low chuckling laugh.

"I feel half inclined," observed the speaker, who began to feel certain premonitory symptoms of an exceedingly unpleasant nature, "to send for Dr. Phrasé."

"It would be useless."

"Why so?"

"Because there is no danger. The remedy we have both taken is an infallible one. Sickness may, nay, will follow it, and pains rack our bodies, but I repeat, our lives are safe."

With this assurance they separated, each retiring to their respective apartments.

Mike had slept rather more than an hour, when a succession of violent spasms, which the great quantity of liquor he had taken for a while suppressed, woke him up. For the first few moments he could not recollect where he was, but imagined himself in his old cottage in the Belvedere-road, and began calling for Jack. The increasing intensity of his agony soon, however, brought him to perfect consciousness.

"Curse those mushrooms!" he uttered; "eat too many of them. I wish I had some brandy in the room. What a fool I was not to bring the bottle up stairs with me!"

He turned first on one side and then on the other, in the vain hope of stilling the pain or falling to sleep again, but sleep and ease both seemed to fly from him. His breath began to grow thick and heavy, and drops of perspiration, wrung from him by the pains he had endured, stood thickly on his brow.

Suddenly he started from the bed, and impatiently struck a light.

"I must call them up," he groaned.

Before doing so, the ruffian contemplated his features in the glass. His countenance appeared wan; his eyes bloodshot, with a dark circle beneath them, as if he had received a violent blow; but what alarmed him most was a livid greenish hue upon his lips, and the almost irrepressible inclination he experienced to protrude his tongue from his mouth.

"Pisened!" he groaned, "pisened! and Andrew has done it—the cold-blooded, unnatural villain!—my own twin-brother, too! But I won't die alone."

Terror and anger gave him strength to partially dress himself. Catching up the light, he staggered rather than walked from the room, with the intention

of reaching that of his unnatural relative. All his thoughts were of not dying unavenged.

As he approached the chamber-door, he saw a ray of light streaming through the crevices and key-hole.

"Watching, no doubt," he muttered.

A deep groan fell upon his ear.

"What is that?" he asked himself.

It was repeated, accompanied by a low, gurgling noise.

With one kick he burst open the door and entered the chamber. The sight that met his gaze was anything but the one he expected.

Andrew Silex lay extended on his bed, writhing in agonies similar to the ones his brother was enduring, and vomiting violently; his sufferings apparently exceeded those of Mike, whose sense of feeling had been in some measure deadened by quantities of liquor he had taken, although his state was far more dangerous.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"Poisoned," groaned the guilty, terrified wretch; "those cursed mushrooms!"

"That's it!" exclaimed the convict, at the same time springing towards the bell, and ringing it violently. "Your precious housekeeper has done for us both."

The farm servants who slept in the house were speedily alarmed, and came running, half dressed, into the room. Their master could only pronounce the words "Dr. Phrasé."

"Tell him we are pisened," roared Mike.

"The fool," thought the housekeeper, whose chamber was the adjoining one, and who consequently overheard every word that transpired; "both our sufferings will be useless."

Despite the agonies which she, too, endured, her courage had never deserted her, for she had the most perfect confidence in the antidote she had taken.

One of the men ran to the stable and saddled a horse to ride off for the village. Another brought a bottle of brandy from the sideboard below; the ex-convict clutched it eagerly and drank nearly half its contents.

Meanwhile the steward continued to writhe with pain.

"Haden't 'ee better give measter some?" demanded the man.

"Is there any more in the house?" selfishly inquired the affectionate twin, whom the draught had considerably relieved by stilling for a moment the effects of the poison.

"Plenty below."

"Then bring him some. I shan't part with mine."

The man left the room to do so; and Mike, whose suspicions were now transferred from his brother to the housekeeper, quitted it also. Instead of finding her, as he expected, asleep and well, he discovered her, to his surprise, apparently in a still worse condition than her master—her body twisted with spasms; and yet, strange to say, such was her determination and self-control, that not a single cry had hitherto escaped from her livid lips.

"Accident, I suppose, after all," thought the convict; and this consideration induced him to call to the servants for more brandy for her. As a matter of course, he never once thought of offering her any from the bottle in his hand; that he considered his own.

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature," had long been one of Mike's mottoes.

Long before the arrival of Doctor Phrasé, whom the servant had informed of the cause of illness of the inmates of the Home Farm—the spasms which had awakened the intended victim from his sleep, had returned with redoubled force; and so great was their intensity, that he had fallen upon the floor in Andrew's room, writhing, cursing, groaning, and in this state had been re-conveyed to his bed.

Although fond of displaying his learning, even to the most ignorant of his patients, Phrasé could act energetically when necessity required it; and he did so in the present instance. Knowing the cause of illness, he had come provided with the proper remedies; and as Mike's case appeared to be the most pressing, he attended to him first, to the great disgust of the steward, who kept impatiently calling for him to come to his assistance.

"Master be a dyin'!" exclaimed the man who had ridden over for him. "Doctor, there ought to look to un first, housekeeper next, and stranger last."

"Nothing of the kind," said the man of science; "they have both vomited, and are comparatively safe."

With the assistance of two of the farm men—for every person in the house was up—the speaker forced open the jaws of Mike, and succeeded in pouring a very powerful emetic down his throat; with the utmost difficulty it was swallowed.

"Now, then, show me to your master's room," said the doctor to one of the domestics. "I have done all in the power of science for his brother."

"Thee hast drenched un rarely," observed one of the countrymen, with a grin.

"Give him warm water every five minutes."

"Ees, I will."

"And call me the instant he vomits."

"The instant he what?" demanded the rustic, not comprehending the word.

"Is sick."

"All right, doctor."

Neither the housekeeper nor the steward required so violent a remedy as their intended victim; but Doctor Phrasé was not the man to let escape the slightest opportunity of magnifying his talent and reputation. He pronounced both their cases to be desperate; and although, thanks to the woman's precautions, the process was scarcely necessary, insisted upon their swallowing a potion similar to the one he had administered to Mike.

By the following morning the most dangerous symptoms had disappeared; but all three of his patients continued exceedingly weak.

Never, in the whole course of his existence, had Mr. Silex felt so deeply mortified; for the first time his nerve and self-reliance had given way; he had fallen into his own snare. Had he remained firm, the deed might have been accomplished; above all, he dreaded the biting, sarcastic reproaches of the partner of his crime; and then the expense—the cost of burying his brother Mike would have been nothing in comparison to it.

"Narrow escape—very narrow escape," observed the doctor, as he sat by his bedside. "But at last, thanks to my presence of mind, I think I may promise you that you will be quit for the fright."

"You say nothing of the pain," growled the steward.

"Pain, my dear sir, is one of the symptoms we men of science distress ourselves the least about."

"Evidently not."

"In the diagnoses of disease."

"Curse the diagnoses!" muttered Andrew, impatiently. "I have endured a martyrdom, and all through—"

He paused: the word had nearly escaped him.

"The mushrooms, you would say," observed his medical attendant, finishing the sentence for him.

"It only shows how exceedingly cautious persons ought to be in eating of them. Nothing more deceptive. Some are edible; others, as you know, are rank poison."

Andrew Silex did know it.

"I have serious ideas of publishing a work on fungi."

"On what?"

"By fungi we mean the mushroom tribe," replied the physician, "or, as the ancients designated them, 'the children of the earth,' to indicate the obscurity of their origin; poetical name, very!"

The moderns have been at a loss in what rank to place them; some referring them to the animal, some to the vegetable, others to the mineral kingdom. Wilek and Minchhausen have not scrupled to include these bodies among animal productions. The former asserts that fungi consist of innumerable cavities, each inhabited by a polype."

"Pah!" muttered the sick man, impatiently, "nonsense."

"You are right, sir, quite right," continued the man of science; "the opinion is absurd—but not more so than the opinion of those who place the fungi in the mineral kingdom: because they are sometimes found growing on porous stones, thence called *lapides fungarii*, which must be covered, however, with a little earth, and be watered with tepid water to promote their growth."

"Trajus, king of Baskin, and even Columba attribute them to the superfluous humidity of rotten wood; even the learned Alphizel could not satisfy himself as to the existence of seeds which some botanists pretend to have discovered. As for Michel—"

"Hang Michel!" interrupted the steward; "what is the use of your stunning my ears with hard words, which neither of us understand?"

"Pardon my inveterate habit of indulging in the nomenclature of science," replied Dr. Phrasé, rather mortified; "it is a weakness; but we are all the slaves of habit. In the work I propose to write, I should give infallible directions by which the edible and poisonous species might be distinguished, and accompany them by remarkable instances of cures, amongst which yours and your worthy brother's would be cited. 'Perhaps,' he added, blandly, "you would like to subscribe to the publication, which will be given to the world by subscription."

Andrew Silex rather unhandsonably remarked that he did not feel disposed to subscribe to anything. He had no use for books, he never had—not he.

During the several days that Mike kept his bed, he had ample time to turn over in his mind the whole affair. He was naturally of a suspicious nature, and although he had seen his brother and his housekeeper apparently in a condition equally bad as his own had been, the idea would return to him that it was not altogether the effect of accident, and he determined, if possible, to confirm or disprove his doubts upon the subject.

For this purpose he proposed to question Dr. Phrasé on his next visit.

"Well, doctor," he said, "I wor mortal bad, for certain, but I suppose it be all over now?"

"Quite passed, my dear sir, quite—thanks to my presence of mind and, with all humility, professional skill; a most remarkable case: never saw three persons so near the point of death in all my life."

"Three persons," repeated the ex-convict, deliberately, at the same time fixing his searching gray eyes upon his countenance. "I think you said three?"

"Of course I did: yourself, your brother, and his housekeeper," replied the gentleman, with a bland smile.

"And all equally bad?"

"All."

"Then how is it that Andrew is up afore me?"

"Difference of constitution, my dear sir. Yours, not that I wish to alarm you, is infinitely the more delicate of the two."

"Well, I'm rather delicate," observed his patient, complacently; "especially of a mornin'."

"I don't know how it is, but I can't eat of a mornin. Can you account for it, doctor?"

"The medical man hinted to him that his failing appetite might possibly be attributed to his drinking too much over night. A habit which accounted also for his feeling the effect of the poisonous fungi so much longer and more severely than his brother did, whose valuable life, the speaker complacently added, he had been the happy means of preserving."

"Well, I suppose it is valuable," remarked Mike, whose ideas of value were of the pounds, shillings, and pence character. "How much do you suppose he is worth now? Of course it's between ourselves."

Dr. Phrasé was a man far too prudent to hazard an opinion. All he knew was that the steward was reported to be rich, immensely rich; his late master had left him a considerable sum, which every year must have augmented; "for as you are doubtless aware," he added, "he spends scarcely anything."

His brother was aware of it.

"Unless," added the speaker, "upon his family."

"That ain't much," growled the ex-convict.

"But has he no children?"

"None. I am his only relation; we are brothers—twins, and used to be reckoned uncommon like each other."

The physician mentally acknowledged that the likeness was painfully striking.

"Then, there is no doubt," continued the ruffian, "that the poisoning was done by accident?"

"Of course. Who could have an interest in taking your life and that of your estimable relative?" demanded his astonished hearer.

"Them as expected to inherit his fortune," whispered his patient; "his housekeeper, for instance."

"But she suffered as much as either of you," objected the doctor; "believe me, my dear sir, that your suspicions are unfounded."

"Well, I s'pose they are," answered Mike, reluctantly, for he would have liked to have made something out of the affair.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

CANNOT.

We very much question whether there is a word in the English language productive of as much mischief as the one placed at the head of this article. Indeed, it has no business where it is so frequently found; for it is an intruder on our forms of speech, and deemed unworthy of notice by the lexicographer; yet there are some men who are always using it, and find it ever at their tongue's end. The man who admits this word into his vocabulary is regularly done up; henceforth he is good for nothing, because he will perform nothing. We like a man, aye, and woman too, who at proper times can utter a plain, plump No; for that little word may be their salvation; but if they meet you with a caunting cannot, depend upon it, they will—"for a consideration."

Good Advice.—Be slow in choosing a friend, and slower to change him; courteous to all; intimate with few; slight no man for poverty, nor esteem any one for his wealth.

THE DUELIST.

I was staying at a German watering-place, to whose springs I had been ordered for the recovery of my health. At the table d'hôte where we assembled daily, my next neighbor was an English officer—a veteran of Waterloo. Colonel Aubrey possessed an amazing fund of anecdote, and took pleasure in relating some of the stirring events of his past life. Possessing the valuable faculty of an attentive listener, I became a favorite with the old gentleman, and I was indebted to his society for many hours of amusement, which, in a dull German village, would otherwise have passed drearily enough.

One day at dinner, the conversation turned upon the propriety of dueling. I waited somewhat anxiously for the colonel's opinion; but the old gentleman remained silent for some moments, during which he had sipped off his glass of wine almost unconsciously.

"Dueling was much in vogue when I entered the army," said he, slowly. "I was then a very young man, ardent and high-spirited like most young men, and rather prejudiced in favor of that jealous code the world calls honor. Alas! since then how many of the young, the brave and warm-hearted have I seen immolate themselves before its relentless Juggernaut; but the following incident, which took place a short time after the arrival of our regiment in India, gave me a positive horror of it, and I learned to look with detestation upon the practiced duelist—the cool shedder of blood, who lurks privily for the unwary victim, even in the unguarded hours of conviviality and festive mirth, goading him on by covert sneer and cutting sarcasm, panting with hungry eagerness for the reception of some hasty word—some trifling light as air—and then, with the merciless malice of a fiend, sending the trembling soul, with all its imperfections, into the dread presence of its Maker."

"We were stationed at some fort in—I forget the name of the place—but I remember we were all very stupid, having hardly anything to do, and would have been amused to death, but for a fellow we had of the name of Sarsfield, a regular fire-eater, and from his fierce and malignant disposition, the dread of the whole regiment. He had had several encounters with his brother officers, had killed a couple, and would have exterminated us all (for he quarreled with some one almost every day), had not the commanding officer made some pretty stringent regulations upon the subject. But even these were evaded, for we had some hot and fiery spirits among us. Sarsfield had his own luck in every encounter, for he generally winged or brought down his man, whilst he himself almost invariably came off triumphant."

"About this time a young man of the name of Harry Leslie joined the regiment. He was a Scotchman, and the only son of a poor widow, who had gratified his darling wish by the purchase of a commission for him out of her narrow means. I knew her well afterwards; she was one of those noble, self-denying beings who seem born for suffering, and who endure, with an unconscious heroism, an amount of daily trials and privations, which put to shame man's boasted strength. She had watched over her son's education with the most tender solicitude, and had instilled into his breast those sentiments of fervent piety which regulated her own life. The great object of her ambition had been to bring Harry up to the church, but, with a strange infatuation, the boy preferred a military life, and with tears and blessings, the mother parted from her child. Poor fellow, he was a bad subject for India (though a singularly fine-looking young man), for a single glance at his slight figure, pale blue eyes, and somewhat transparent skin, betrayed a tendency to hereditary consumption."

"Such was the youth that Sarsfield took a sudden and inveterate dislike to. He prided himself on being the younger son of a nobleman, and claimed relationship with several of the principal nobility of England, and having found out, or pretended to find out, that Leslie was the son of a poor cottier, he took every opportunity of railing at low birth, at Scotland and Scotchmen, and set in motion every engine of petty malice he could frame to annoy him. He even descended so far as to bribe Sancho, the black servant that attended Leslie, to destroy all his books and papers. This failing to produce the desired effect, he took the man into his own service, and induced him to poison a beautiful little Skye terrier which Leslie had brought from home with him, and to which he was much attached. Poor Leslie wept like a child after his favorite, but, though he knew the author of his death, he took no farther notice of the matter. I learned afterwards that my poor friend had made a solemn promise to his mother, on leaving home, that he never would fight a duel. Naturally pious, and brought up with the strict formality of a Scotch home, this promise was rigidly adhered to until the insults of Sarsfield had goaded him almost to the brink of madness."

"With diabolical ingenuity, Sarsfield now circulated a report that Leslie's want of courage alone prevented him from meeting one whom he knew hated him. All who knew anything of the peculiarly fine and delicate sense of honor cherished by military men in general, are aware that a deeper and more damning stain cannot be thrown upon a young man to lower him in the opinion of his comrades, and ruin forever his hopes of promotion in the service, than the imputation of cowardice. Young Leslie saw in the averted faces and altered manners of his companions, that the insidious report had gained ground. His pale cheek grew paler, and his slight figure more shadowy, but he preserved a cold and contemptuous silence."

"An invitation had been sent to some of the principal officers, by a wealthy creole gentleman some miles from the fort, to spend the day with him. Among the rest, Harry Leslie and Sarsfield received one. Leslie would have declined when he found his old enemy was to be there, but I and some others, who really liked the poor fellow as cordially as we hated Sarsfield, persuaded him to come."

"We set out after breakfast, mustering somewhat over a dozen. The day was intensely hot, and after proceeding some distance, and being yet a good many miles from our destination, we found ourselves so tired that a halt was proposed. It was a cool, shady spot by the side of a little ravine, formed by the dry bed of a mountain torrent. Thick clumps of underwood and wild fig formed a wood, through whose branches innumerable parrots, jays, and other gaily-feathered birds flitted, filling the air with their shrill and discordant cries. Despite of these, there was a charming air of solitude and repose about the landscape—it wanted only the presence of water to make it a sylvan paradise."

"Sarsfield, who, amongst his other qualifications, picked himself out a little on his gastronomic propensities, had brought with him a couple of coolies, and a mule loaded with all the materials of an abundant picnic. A cloth was laid upon the grass, while bread, food sherbet, ham, guava jelly, marmalade, and several other elegant *entremets*

were disposed upon it, and those who, on setting out, had been most disposed to laugh at the *bon vivants'* preparations, were glad to accept his surly invitation to the repast. Leslie, who had complained several times of the excessive heat, refused to partake of anything, but he asked me for a drink of water. At that moment I saw one of the coolies place before Sarsfield a large tumbler of the crystal element. Perceiving that Leslie was indeed almost fainting, I seized the glass, and handed it to him. After a moment's hesitation he took it, and drank eagerly. He had hardly replaced it, when, with a yell like that of a wild bull, Sarsfield caught up the glass, which was a large flint one, and hurled it full in his face.

"It hit him in the mouth, breaking several teeth, and frightfully gashing his lips and chin. Stunned by the violence of the blow, the young man fell back for a moment insensible upon the grass, the next he bounded to his feet, and pressing his handkerchief to his mouth, from which the blood flowed profusely, he cast upon Sarsfield a look so strangely, fiercely solemn, that the brutal wretch quailed beneath its influence; then, motioning to me to follow him, he walked, with hurried and unequal steps, into the thicket."

"Aubrey," said he, when we had walked a short distance into the wood, "I can no longer avoid an encounter with that bad man. I have never offended him, yet he has been my deadly and irreconcilable foe. For my poor mother's sake I would have wished it otherwise, but there remains for me but death or dishonor, and when she hears all she will not blame me. None but God knows," continued he, in husky, incoherent accents, "what I have suffered. At times madness would have been a relief, so strange and horrible were the feelings that had taken possession of me. In vain I wrestled in prayer, Satan seems to have marked me for his prey."

"I endeavored to soothe his excited feelings, but he interrupted me almost fiercely—"

"No, no, Aubrey. I am doomed. The divine grace has forsaken me. You cannot understand me, but I feel that I am indeed a coward, deficient in true moral courage, or I would bear even this last insult. God forgive me, I cannot. Nothing but his or my death can wash out the stain upon my honor."

"Aubrey, you are almost the only one I found my friend—be so kind as to act my second on this occasion, and if I fall, which is more than probable," said he, with a melancholy smile, "do me this last favor: Here is the key of a small cabinet in my room; you will find in it a lock of hair and a miniature, with some letters. Convey them to my mother, tell her all I have suffered, and how hard I have struggled. There is another person. You will see my Alice," he said, putting his hand to his eyes; "I would have written to her, but you will tell her, that all unworthy as I am, my last thoughts were hers. Come, now let us conclude this business."

"We walked forward, Leslie looking pale, but perfectly calm and composed. Some of our fellows were still eating, others, discussing the affair with professional zeal, were gathered in little knots. Sarsfield was walking up and down; one arm was flung behind him, the other held a switch with which he impatiently whipped the heads from the tall grass beside him. I thought I had never beheld a man whose air and aspect had undergone a change in so short a time. He was over six feet high, and powerfully built in proportion, and now his figure seemed shrunk and bent, and his face, coarse and rubicund from high living, wore a ghastly livid color."

"I approached him and begged he would appoint a second, as my friend Mr. Leslie required immediate satisfaction for the insult he had received."

"His countenance immediately resumed the brazen-golden air of insolence habitual to it, and he turned at me in a fury and shouted—

on the first favorable opportunity, we set out homeward.

"When we came in sight of the scene of the previous day's melancholy adventure, Harry Leslie suddenly galloped forward. We saw him pause, stretch out his head, and gaze as if fascinated at some object before him. He reeled for a moment in the saddle, then spurred furiously on. As we rode up, several vultures rose heavily in the air. We were literally horrified at the sight that met our eyes. The carcasses of natives had decamped, first completely stripping the body of the unfortunate Sarsfield. The wretches had dragged it from the thicket, and there it lay stark and stiff in the middle of the dusty ravine, the eyes literally torn from the sockets, and not a vestige of humanity recognizable. The right arm was still extended in the threatening attitude he had died in. The face, ribs, chest, indeed the whole colossal framework of the body, lay bare, picked clean of every particle of flesh, and the muscles and integuments of the neck and arms, bristled out stiff and bloody like bunches of plaited whipcord. A huge vulture, too gorged from its disgusting repast to follow its companion, was perched on the body; it gave a harsh, funeral croak at our approach, and flapping its leathery wings, made a feeble effort to rise. We knocked the rascal on the head.

"We made a report of the whole affair to the commanding officer, who saw the remains of the unfortunate officer decently interred. Harry Leslie was acquitted of all blame with a severe reprimand and strict orders to abstain from dueling in future; but he was poor and unfriended, and Sarsfield had powerful connections.

"There was little need to reprimand poor Leslie. He was of a sensitive and deeply religious temperament, and he took the affair so much to heart that at the end of the week he was ordered home on the sick list. But the shock he had received accelerated his disease, and the poor fellow sunk so rapidly that it was found impossible to remove him. He died in my arms a fortnight after the occurrence I have narrated.

"I sedulously fulfilled his last wishes. I visited Scotland the following year, and sought out the poor widow. She had already learnt her loss, and bore it with the meek submission of a Christian; religion had subdued every rebellious feeling in her heart. She told me many anecdotes of her beloved Harry and of the young lady he was attached to.

"My poor Alice and Harry," said she, "loved each other since their childhood; but we were all poor, and knowing the period to be a stirring one, and promotion rapid, for her sake he was tempted to try the sultry skies of India. But the dear girl is fast going to join him," she continued. "Young hearts are easily broken, and she has never raised her head since my Harry's death."

"I mentioned that I had a small packet for her which I had promised, if possible, to deliver into her own hand. Mrs. Leslie said it would be a great consolation to her to see me, and pointed out the old manse where she lived.

"It was a lovely evening in May on which I approached the old Scottish manse where Alice Gordon and her father, the aged minister of the parish, resided. She was certainly one of the most beautiful beings I had ever beheld, but with something so spiritual and serene in her loveliness as warned the beholder she was not long for earth. It was evident the poor girl was fast hastening to rejoin her beloved. She received me as a brother, and hung eagerly on the minutest particular I gave of my lamented friend. Her love for him and sympathy for his trials seemed ever greater than his mother's. We parted as those who never expect to meet on this side of the grave again.

"On my arrival in England I read of her death."

JERRY SPENCER: AND HOW HE FOUND A HOME.

BY AUGUSTA HERBERT.

At the tender age of five years Jerry Spencer was left an orphan to the tender mercies of relatives who had not overmuch loved his mother.

Sad was the heart of the poor little child when he lay down at night, when he rose up at morn, and all through the long, long days.

His dear mother used to go always with him to his little bed, and tuck him snugly in, when she had heard him say his simple prayer. She always kissed him, and whispered over him, "God bless my little son;" and the sleep of the child had been sweeter for these to him mystic though holy words. But now he was sent away to his rest alone and in the dark—for it was winter. He was told that he was too big a boy to be a babe any longer. His one only sister, who for a few weeks was with him in his uncle's house, was not permitted to go and sit beside her beloved brother, which she very joyfully would have done. She did, however, often creep to the outside of his chamber door, and whisper to him through the keyhole that she was there, and would sit close by the door until he was asleep. This was a great comfort to Jerry, who was a very nervous and timid child, always seeing things moving, and hearing steps, and rattling of chains, when he was alone in the dark.

But by-and-by his dear sister was taken by other relations, and Jerry had no comfort left. When his mother was alive her face was always the one he saw bending over him when he came back from the beautiful land of dreams; but now no one came to kiss him awake, or to help him dress.

His aunt thought it all nonsense to be indulgent or attentive to children. She used to talk a great deal about the bad manner in which children were brought up, petted and humored until they were good for nothing. Her children, she said, should be taught different fashions. She had two children, and no one could discover that they were much less indulged than children usually are; but she thought they were, and Jerry—she certainly was being trained in the new method.

Mrs. Masters was a sister of Jerry's father. She was a hard, unsympathetic being, and had despised her brother's gentle, loving wife because she was gentle and loving, and because her husband had loved her so devotedly.

As she was to be plagued with the boy, she at once determined that she would chase all the mother out of him. But it was what she had not power to do. She rendered the poor child miserable, but did not change his nature.

He was but a babe; yet so well had he understood the teachings of his mother that he knew where to find a friend that could avail him in all trouble and fear. It did not need the reminders of his sister, when, at long intervals, she was brought to see him, to cause him to remember his evening and his morning prayer; and to "Our Father," etc., he often added simple petitions in his own words.

As he grew older he became an object of jealousy to his aunt, whose own boys grew rough and coarse with each passing year, while Jerry was so good and gentle that her husband became more fond of him than he was of his own children.

But Jerry feared his uncle, for he was a very violent tempered man, and if things went wrong he would curse and swear frightfully. The little boy, therefore, was always very shy of the petting and favors of Mr. Masters, and kept as much as possible out of his way.

When Mrs. Masters found how much her husband thought of the orphan boy, she grew very angry, and taunted him with want of natural affection. She told him that Jerry was artful, and only seemed good. "He is the deepest young one that ever I saw yet," she said, "and he knows very well on which side his bread is buttered. Just think of the evil in a child of his age in trying to step between a father and his sons."

"But he don't try—he always makes off when he sees me about. When I would like to have him with me, and should very likely buy him things, he won't go if he can help it, but always says—'Please, sir, I think Herman and William would rather go.'"

"The little hypocrite," said Mrs. Masters, angrily.

"Why do you call him so?" inquired her husband.

"Because I cannot help it. To see such duplicity in such a child makes me fairly sick. He is afraid of you, mortally afraid, for he is a sheer coward; and while your own brave, honest-hearted boys act out their worst side before you, he sneaks away to cut up his mean capers out of your sight."

"Why—what does the boy do, Marcia?"

"Do? Why, he does enough—yes, quite enough. He's always doing something."

"But what?"

Mrs. Masters was in a dilemma. She didn't like to tell a deliberate lie; and for her life she couldn't think of a single naughty thing that the child had done. But keep a woman in a corner if you can.

"Oh! I'm not going to try to set you against my own brother's child. You needn't ask me what he does, for if you knew half you'd be so mad you'd nearly kill him; and I can manage him very well myself, only you just mind you don't go to setting him up before your own children, or you may find that I've a word to say. I've no desire to see you go at the child to punish him. He would be frightened to death."

"I shan't touch him. I'd no more hit that child a blow than I'd strike my grandmother," said the great giant of a man; and he turned over and was soon enjoying a tremendous snore.

Jerry was ten years old. He had run up tall, slender, delicate—"More like a girl," said his aunt, contemptuously, "than like a healthy boy." His eyes were full, large, and darkly blue; they were almond-shaped, and their edges deeply fringed with black—such beautiful eyes! and when he lifted them to your face, you could often see in their depths a merry sparkle, which told what a glad-hearted and frolicsome creature their owner ought to be, though he was not. His cousin Herman frequently provoked his mother exceedingly by declaring that Jerry's eyes were a thousand times prettier than anybody's else in the whole town. Herman was a good-hearted boy, and a friend to Jerry, though he considered him rather a bad boy, because his mother said he was such.

As Mrs. Masters knew Jerry's infirmity—fear of the dark—she took particular pains to be always sending him of errands about the house in the evening. She wished, she said, to cure him of his folly. She would never let him take a light, lest he should set the house on fire; and if any others went up stairs with a lamp, she was sure, after he had come down, to make Jerry go up to see that no stray spark was kindling anywhere. The timid child sometimes ventured to beg that one of his cousins might go with him, but his request was never regarded.

Probably every one knows what it is to go up stairs in the dark, having a sense of something being close behind, and ready to make a grab at one's heels. Under such circumstances, how expeditiously a person, in one mood, takes heel after heel out of harm's way; and in another mood, with what dogged moderation he moves, just to show the Thing that he isn't in the least afraid—no, indeed! and he himself considers that he is proof against silly fears, though he does enter the door into the light with surpassing quickness, and though there are drops, not occasioned by heat, upon his brow, while his eyes are unusually enlarged.

Jerry would go trembling along—his hands outstretched, his eyes fearfully distended—and when he returned to the family keeping-room, he generally was in such a tremor, that his aunt would ridicule him without mercy.

About this time—his tenth year—his heart began to trouble him so much that he would frequently be obliged to sit down wherever he might be, and whatever he might be doing. It would flutter and beat so that it seemed to be some winged and terrified creature trying to escape from his breast, or it would rise up and swell till he was almost suffocated. Jerry was often very much frightened at these strange feelings, but when he tried to tell his aunt about them, she told him he was full of what the apostle Paul called "vain imaginations;" but that study and work would cure him. His cousins, sturdy fellows, could not understand any such feelings, and they only laughed at him, and told him to come along and play.

One night, as Jerry was coming down stairs in the dark, he felt something cold touch his neck—my! how it frightened him. Giving a wild scream, he sprang recklessly down the remaining stairs, hitting, as he did so, a beautiful alabaster figure, that had ornamented a niche in the wall. It fell with him to the floor, and was dashed to fragments.

His aunt came running into the hall, and on seeing what was done, she caught Jerry by the arm, and shook him roughly, then dragged him into the dining hall and whipped him with a cane. The poor, half-dead child begged for mercy. "Oh! aunt, do have pity. I did not mean to do any mischief. I was so scared. Oh! don't kill me, aunt—don't!"

"What do you mean by screaming in such a manner?" she said. "Do you want to make out that I'm murdering you, when I am only punishing you as you deserve for your abominable carelessness? I'll give you some more of the cane if you don't shut up."

"Oh! aunt, what does make you treat me so?" said the child. "Don't I always try to please you?"

"You play the hypocrite pretty successfully before me, I will allow; but your conduct is not from the heart. I do not think you any the better for it. I have heard all the wicked lies which you have told about me. You need not think that people who are mean enough to listen to your falsehoods about the friends who keep you, and do for you as if you were their own child, will keep your secret for you. They repeat all the lies that you tell them."

"I never told anybody any lies, aunt," cried Jerry, his face reddening with indignant feeling; "who says I ever did?"

"Oh, there are plenty who know what you are. It's useless for you to deny it."

"I never told lies. I have tried never to complain; but perhaps I may have said things that I ought not. I never in my life said one half the truth about how unhappy I am, but I am sorry that I ever spoke at all. Oh! how I wish that I could go to my mother."

"Humph!" said his aunt, and walked off.

Jerry sat a long time crying on the floor. Herman came to him and tried to console him. "But you ought not to lie about mother," he said, earnestly.

Poor Herman! Jerry did not tell his cousin that he never had done so. He looked at him with infinite pity, and his soba were all stilled.

"How much happier am I," he thought, "to have the memory of such a mother as was mine, dead though she has been so long, than is my cousin, with his costly home, with all his presents, and his petting, and a mother such as his. I would not change places with Herman for the whole world!"

"Herman," said Jerry, "do you love me?"

"Yes, I do, Jerry; but I wish you was a better boy."

"Well, Herman, never mind that now. You will understand me better sometime; and you will find that your mother is very strange about some things. But, Herman, will you promise me something?"

"Yes, that I will, if you won't cry any more."

"Then don't you tell one word of what I am going to say until to-morrow. It is not much to say, either. But, my dear Herman, if you never see me any more, you will not forget me, nor the good times we have had together, nor the prayer and hymn my mother taught to me, and I to you; nor how I loved you, Herman—"

and the speaker fell on Herman's neck, and sobbed a few short, heavy sobs, and then kissed him and said—"Good night. I do not want any supper. I am going to my room."

Herman was crying in the dining-room when his mother found him; but he would not tell her what had befallen him. He told her all at another time. When Jerry went to his room, he groped about in the dark until he had collected a small bundle of his most precious things—his Bible, his mother's picture, and the locket with her hair, a little hymn-book his sister had given him, and a few clothes.

With these in his hand, and his cap, coat, and mittens on, he started out in search of a home. The evening was cold and still. There was a young moon, and many stars, by whose friendly light our young wanderer made his way through the town and out in the open country. On and on he went, until his strength began rapidly to fail. He grew faint from hunger, and numb from cold, and found that he must stop and find shelter, or sink by the way and perish.

He wanted to see his dear sister, but did not dare to go near her, lest he might be caught and sent back to his cruel aunt. He comforted himself, however, by thinking how glad his sister would be to get the letter he would write, and manage to have conveyed privately to her, just as soon as he should be snugly settled as farmer boy in some nice farm-house, far, far away from the scene of his trials.

The clock was on the stroke of ten in the happy and hospitable home of Farmer Hopegood. His two blooming daughters had just folded away their work, and risen to retire for the night—their mother had just looked at them, and smiled, as she said, winking sleepily, "I didn't know as you meant to go to bed to-night, my dears," when there came a knock at the outside door.

"What on earth can any one want here this time of night?" said the farmer. "Some one must be sick." He went to the door.

In a moment he returned, leading by the hand a half-frozen child, bearing a bundle.

The women regarded the boy in blank amazement.

"Out at ten o'clock at night, wandering in the cold! Who was the boy? Whence came he?"

These and many other questions they asked, but Jerry—for it was poor little Jerry—gave no distinct answer. He stood trembling, and hardly sensible, before the fire.

"He must not stand there," said the farmer's wife; "he will be in great pain if he does. Girls, hurry, get him something warm to eat and drink, while I bathe his poor little face and hands and feet in cold water."

The kind-hearted woman then drew the little stranger back to the further end of the room, and took off his cap and gloves. He allowed her to handle him just as she chose, but she observed the anxious glance he cast after his bundle, as she took it from him.

"I'll put it on the shelf, dear. It will be perfectly safe. Don't trouble about the bundle."

She washed his face, hands, and feet, and when she had rubbed some warmth into them she allowed the child to go back to the fire. The supper, now ready for him, was inviting; but the little fellow could not eat much. They tucked him up into a great, old-fashioned arm chair, in a warm corner, and in two minutes he was fast asleep.

"We will make him tell who he is, and where he is going in the morning," said the girls. "Dear little fellow! Was ever such a pretty boy! But how stupid he is with sleep."

When they had prepared him a bed they came to waken him; but they found that he was already wide awake.

"Mother, come here," said the eldest girl, in a quick, frightened tone.

All ran towards Jerry. A great change had come over his young face. It was gray with the shadows of death. He had one little hand pressed against his heart, with the other he held fast to the arm of the chair.

"I started to hunt for a home, and I am to find one sooner than I thought I should. My mother came and called me as I slept. She said Our Father sent her for me to come home. You are very kind. I thank you. My sister lives in S. Her name is Annie Spencer. Tell her I could not write—I had not time; but tell her I love her, and that mother and I will wait and watch for her. She must not be sorry that I have gone home."

The farmer thought it best to move the boy to a bed. As he laid him down upon the pillow, Jerry's head rolled back.

"Dead!" said the wife, solemnly; and she closed the beautiful blue eyes.

Jerry would never be frightened nor hurt—he would never be sorry nor lonely—he would never wander through the darkness—he would never sigh nor weep any more.

A mother's love on earth is heavenly sweet;—ah, Jerry, can you tell us, child, how sweet it is in Heaven?

DEPES TO OURSELVES.—We are all greater dupes to our own weakness than to the skill of others; and the successes gained over us by the designing are usually nothing more than the prey taken from those very snares we have laid ourselves.

One man falls by his ambition, another by his perfidy, a third by his avarice, and a fourth by his lust; what are these but so many nets, watched indeed by the fowler, but woven by the victim?

"THE POETRY OF HEAVEN."

BY SALLIE M. RYAN.

Oh, ancient volume, gloriously bright
With legends of the angels and their God!
I've read thee over by this splendid light,
And knelt in voiceless worship on the sod.

Thy verse is set to music strange and deep,
And hymned around the Eternal Throne of Heaven
By all the radiant lyres that seraph sweep,
And by the spheres in thunderous marches driven.

Oh when the solemn, dreamy Night flings wide
The star-clasped splendor of thy mystic page,
She reads me tales unheard by all beside,
Secrets of many a past and future age.

She tells me how the Undying Poet wrote
Upon his boundless blue in words of fire,
While through the ecstatic air was heard to float
The burning praise of every angel's lyre.

Yet have I read far brighter things than this
Upon the radiant page He spread on high—
It is a promise of eternal bliss,
Of light and life and love beyond the sky.

TWO BEAR-TRAPS: AND WHAT WAS CAUGHT IN THEM.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

As I sat in the office of the Conway House one evening, where quite a party were assembled, Ethan Knox came limping in, and pulled a chair up near the stove by his side. I had heard that he got his leg injured during some sort of a bear-hunt, but I had never learned the particulars; so I ventured to ask him how the thing happened.

"Didn't you never hear about that?" he asked, good-naturedly.

"No—I never did, and I wish you would tell me all about it."

"I suppose you've heard 'at 'twas in a 'tarnal bear scrape, haint ye?" he said, gathering his legs up for an easy position.

"I've heard just that much, and no more."

"Wal—now you shall hear the whole on't, an' then you'll know what a cussed scrape I had. When I first settled up under old Mote the bears was awful thick, 'specially in the fall, and I began to have trouble with 'em the very first season I was there. I caught a good many of 'em, and by 'nby I began to think 'at I was drivin' a pooty fair bargain with the critters. Their hides, an' taller, an' meat amounted to a fair sum—more, I reckon, than what they destroyed would 'ave come to. But finally I come across an old feller that puzzled me.

"One season, just as my corn was in the milk, I found that a bear had got a taste of it. The tracks was the biggest I had ever seed, and I knowed 'twas a lunker. I set my trap by the fence where he come in, but he wouldn't get into it. It was an old rick fence, and he could tear over it anywhere, and just as sure as I'd set my trap in one place he'd come over another. When I'd tried this game four nights I made up my mind 'at I would lay in wait and shoot him. So I loaded up my old Queen's-Arm with about three fingers of powder, two balls, and a slug; and the next night I took my station pooty high to where the bear come in the night afore. About midnight I heard a crashin' among the bushes, an' afore long Mister Bear come over the old rick not more'n three rods from where I was a squatin' down. I took aim, an' let him have; but it didn't kill the cuss. He gin a right-cous grunt and growl, an' went back over that ere old rick a leetle mite quicker'n he come in. I folloed him till I lost his track, an' then I went home with a lame shoulder, for the old gun kicked me plaguery high over."

"'Twa'n't but a little while afore that same bear come into my corn-patch agin, and I determined to have him this time anyway. I folloed his track out into the woods, and finally I come to a clump of young maples where he had two paths. I could tell that he had to take one of the two, for the saplin's grow'd so nigh together that he couldn't git between 'em only in these two places. I seed at once 'at I must have two traps if I'd make a sure thing of it, for if I set my trap in one path the bear 'd be sure to take 'tother; an' this was the only place where there seemed to be any path at all. So I went over the river and borred' another trap. 'Twasn't quite so smart as mine, but 'twas a good one. They was both steel traps, with long, sharp teeth riveted onto the under side of the jaws, an' I tell ye they shut up kind o' savage like, now you'd better believe."

"Well—I took these traps and went out, an' set 'em where I thought they'd be most likely to nab. They wa'n't more'n eight foot apart, for the paths run pooty close together. The drag-chains were about six foot long, and into the end of each on 'em was a red-oak toggle three foot long an' four inches thick; so I knowed the old feller couldn't drag his trap a great ways. I covered the things all up as nice as I could, and then went home.

"The next mornin', afore the sun was fairly up, I took my gun and went out; an' I hadn't much more'n got over the old rick afore I heerd a terrible smashin' among the maples. I hurried up, and there was old Mister Bear hard an' fast in the trap I'd borred'. He'd got caught by the right hind leg, and was in the path tryin' to pull the trap along; but the toggle was set agin two trees, an' he couldn't budge it. I jest slipped up by the other path, bein' careful to step over my trap, an' poked my gun to within four foot of the bear's forehead. He was a whoopin' feller—the biggest I'd ever seed—an' I was kind o' keeful how I aimed; but the mischief was in the old cuss, for jest as I got my finger on the trigger, and had pulled enough so I couldn't hold fire, he made a wheel. The old gun went off, and the ball went through the fleshy part of his haunch, jest doin' him hurt enough to make him mad'n ever. And wasn't I a fool? Dy thunder, I ought to 'ave been hurt—that's a fact. As the bear jumped at me I caped back—right slap into my own trap!

"Jerusalem and tribulation! Didn't I yell! The jaws had closed jest in the middle of the calf of my leg, cuttin' clean into the bone, and two of the teeth was drove clean through the meat and muscle! I settled down as though I'd been shot, an' for some little time I swow I didn't know where I was. Howsmever, I finally come to a bit, an' tried to open the jaws of the trap. But I might as well 'ave tried to pull up an old oak by the roots! I couldn't set that ere trap only with a powerful lever, and to move a spring now was impossible. I might have loaded and fired agin, but in my thunderin' hurry I'd fetched my powder-horn, and left my bullets all to home! Wa'n't I a fool!"

"But I found another trouble, an' a pooty considerable one it was, too. The bear had slipped his toggle when he turned to jump at me, an' though it caught agin, yet he wasn't more'n three foot from me, and jumpin' like mad! I was almost crazy with pain; but I had sense enough to see how the bear was held, an' I tell ye, when I found it out it wasn't very consol'n. His toggle was caught between two saplin's, an' one on 'em wasn't bigger'n a sled-stake. It bent like a whip-

stock every time he leaped at me, and I expected every second to see it slip. If it did slip, I knew I was a goner, for it wouldn't fetch up agin short of four foot, sartin, an' the bear could reach me at that."

"Pooty soon I seed that the little saplin' must give way, an' I must either move or die. I managed to stand up, and by sufferin' a pain that would 'ave killed me at any other time, I managed to move the trap about three foot, an' there I come to a dead set. My toggle was fast! Wasn't that a go? But 'twas worse'n that. I couldn't move towards it without movin' towards the bear, for he was right between the toggle an' me! But 'twas the savin' of my life that I moved as I did, for no sooner had I started my trap, than the critter give a tremenjus spring, an' the little saplin' bent till the toggle slipped by, an' he come rushin' on towards me. For a few seconds I thought 'twas all day with me; but, as luck would have it, the toggle fetched up agin, though it let him come a leetle too nigh for my likin'."

"If I was in a muss afore, I was sartinly in one now, for the bear wasn't a bit more'n eighteen inches from me. I mean, he could come within that of touchin' me. To move another peg I couldn't save my soul. My leg was broken—my flesh cut up—and the blood runnin' a stream. My soul! I'd got to die at any rate, I thought, for I felt the faintness comin' over me. I began to grow sick and dizzy, and I believe I should have fainted away then, if I hadn't 'ave seen that the bear was tearin' his leg off in the trap. He was so mad that he didn't seem to notice his pain, only he wanted to get at me. I could see that his leg hid got twisted around, and that the skin was all off, an' that the great foot hung limpy under the jaws of the trap. I knew that bears had torn their feet off in traps to get away, and why shouldn't this one do it?"

"I began to think with all the sense I had. I confess I never was very bright, but I want you to understand 'at my ideas was a little sharpened about that time. All at once a thought struck me, and as I rolled it over in my mind, the faintness left me for a little while. I had thought of smashin' the critter on the head with the butt of my gun, but I knowed 'at I couldn't hurt him so. Then I thought of my great butcher knife I'd brought me to bleed the feller with in case I should shoot him, but I couldn't reach him with that. But couldn't I put the two together?"

"No sooner did the idee strike me than I went at work. I let the bear leap and minded my own business. I took the knife, which was one I had had made to stick hogs with, and put the handle onto the muzzle of my gun, then I took off the string of my powder-horn—it was a strong leather string, long enough to go around my neck, and hang down under my arm—I took this and bound the knife on as tight as I could. I happened to have some old whip-lashin's in my pocket, and with these I bound the knife on stronger. When this was done I tried the thing, and found it pooty firm."

"Now," says I, "old bear, you've got to take it, if I live." His foot was almost off now, and his breath came slap and hot into my face. I watched my chance, and made a jab at his breast; but I hit the bone, and didn't do him much damage. But my knife held. I struck three times; and the fourth time told. The knife went in between his four shoulders, right slap to his heart. I knowed I'd done it by the way the blood spouted. Pooty soon the bear settled back onto his trap, and I settled back onto mine; and that was about the last I could recollect till I found myself on my own bed with my wife and two darters, and the doctors, and two of my neighbors, standin' around me.

"Ye see the man I'd borrod' the trap of had come over that mornin', with one of his big boys, to see if I'd caught the bear. They got to my house about nine o'clock, and as I hadn't come home they thought they'd go out and find me, as I told 'em where I was a goin' to set the traps. And they did find me—and it's lucky they did, too—for I'd been there all of four hours, and was bleedin' then. I couldn't 'a' stood it much longer. They got me out of the trap and backed me home, my wife washed and straightened out my legs the best she could. She never dreamed I was in danger afore I was fished in, for I was often gone half the day on a bear track."

"Howsmever I got the old bear, though I didn't get any more that season, for I didn't get out of the house till after the snow flew. My leg grew together agin, and got to be as strong as ever; but it's plaguery homely, and don't swing so pooty on a walk as it used to. Ye may think I look upon that old game leg with feelin's of regret; but I don't do no such thing. I never think of it without bein' rite up an' down grateful that it wasn't no worse."

A PITY.

It is a pity that man has so much of the horse and so little of the ox in him. At the bottom of the hill the horse will pull bravely once, twice, thrice; then, if the load start not, he will pull no more. He is discouraged and broken. For the rest of his days he will never pull well. But the ox will start at the bottom of the hill, and pull through the whole morning. If the load start not, he will pull all the more; and patiently will add hour after hour to his endeavor, till the afternoon is gone; and when the sun goes down he will pull yet as willingly and steadily as he pulled in the morning.

That is the sort of stuff that should be found in men. There is truth and wisdom in the German lines below:

"Money gone? Something gone;
Bend to the oar and get thee some more.
Friends gone? Much gone—
Go and get glory—twill alter the story.
Courage gone? All gone!
Better never hadst been born."

DECISION.

With regard to decision in conduct, the first great point is to know what to decide upon, and the second to know if the plan adopted should be unflinchingly carried out. Many men are remarkably decisive without being wise, or finding their choice a fortunate one. Many hold firmly enough to their plan, when wisdom would rather recommend its being abandoned. Decisiveness of conduct is, in such cases, manifestly no advantage. But when a quick and far-seeing sagacity has once chosen a right course, it is well to adopt it unhesitatingly, cordially, fully, and to go through with it with boldness and energy. Then is decision in conduct found to be a valuable quality—but then only. There is no point in which more mistakes are made. A vast number of men think they are acting with decision, when they are simply rash and headstrong. Many believe they are thinking with decision when they are merely uncandid towards all opposing considerations, wise in their own conceit, and perilously obstinate.

PROVIDENCE

BY ALICE CARY.

"From seeming evil, still educing good."
The stone upon the wayside seed that fell,
And kept the spring rain from it, kept it too
From the bird's mouth; and in that silent cell,
It quickened, after many days, and grew,
Till, by-and-by, a rose, a single one,
Lifted its little face into the sun.
It chanced a wicked man approached one day,
And saw the tender, piteous look it wore:
Perhaps one like it somewhere far away
Grew in a garden bed, or by the door
That he in childish days had played around,
For his knees, trembling, sunk upon the ground.
Then, o'er this piece of bleeding earth, the tears
Of penitence were wrung, until at last
The golden ray of love, that sin for years
In his unquiet soul had rusted fast,
Was loosened, and his heart, that very hour,
Opened to God's good sunshine, like a flower.

A WESTERN HERO.

BY EMMERSON BENNETT.

It was a wild, fearful scene—a scene of carnage and destruction. Loud shrieks of pain, and yells of rage, defiance, and triumph, commingled with reports of musketry, and here and there the clashing of steel, resounded on every hand.

A small but gallant band of Kentuckians were completely surrounded by an overpowering horde of dusky savages, and were fighting desperately, while falling victims to superior numbers—fighting for the hope of retreat, but with none of victory.

The scene was partly in an open glade, and partly in a surrounding forest, not far from the banks of the Ohio, in what is now the State of Indiana, but which was then an unappropriated and unsettled wilderness.

Over this open glade were hurrying hundreds of human beings—some mounted and some on foot—some white, and dressed in the rough costume of the borderers—but more of the dusky hue, half-naked and hideously painted—and all with passions excited to the fierce, ungovernable fury of fighting wild beasts.

Many a riderless horse was snorting and bounding away; while the ground was strewed with the dead and dying—the latter soon ceasing from the agonies of life, as the knife or tomahawk of either foe made his work sure. There were old men and youths, and men in the prime of manhood, all doing their duty bravely, and bearing down the foe in close encounter, or being themselves borne down to a bloody end.

Foremost among the Kentuckians, in the very hottest of the fight, more desperate even than the oldest veterans, rode a tall, fine-looking youth, who charged upon the foe without regard to numbers or peril—and fast they fell beneath the almost superhuman strength of his single arm. Several times his horse was seized by the bit, and borne back almost upon its haunches, while the uplifted tomahawk was aimed at the head of the rider; but with the quickness of thought, and the strength of a Hercules, the blows were parried right and left, and returned with a precision that laid his opposers bleeding beneath the feet of the fiery animal, which literally trampled them into the dust, as the undaunted youth still urged him on to new scenes of peril and victory.

"On, comrades!" he shouted—and his loud, shrill voice was heard above the din of battle. "On, for the honor of old Kentucky! Though surrounded by four times our number, we are not yet defeated; and will not be while there is an arm left to strike!"

Almost as he spoke, a shower of balls was poured in upon him, some cutting his clothes, some wounding him seriously, while his gallant steed sunk under him. Springing from the back of the falling beast, into the very midst of his dusky foes, this noble youth, wounded and bleeding though he was, still laid about him with desperation, the balls whistling around him fearfully, and a dozen arms raised for his destruction.

Recklessly and desperately, however, alone and unaided, he continued to fight his way through his savage foes, back to the main body of his friends, where he arrived just as the order came for retreat.

As several, who were mounted, wheeled their horses to obey this welcome command, our hero dashed suddenly in among them, and, seizing the bits of two animals, one in either hand, he fairly brought them round, and so quickly as almost to throw their riders, at the same time shouting:

"For shame! for shame! who dares retreat—by any order—by any command—and leave our wounded comrades to the vengeance of our foes! Bear back, men—if you be men—and let us bring off our companions with honor, or perish with them!"

But his valiant call was unheeded by those who thought only of saving their own lives; and the moment the youth released his hold of their bridles, they dashed swiftly away.

"My curses go with you, for pusillanimous cowards!" he shouted after them; and then discovering another party on foot, as eagerly retreating also, he threw himself in before them, and exclaimed:

"Hold! I command you, by every feeling of honor, turn back and save the lives of our wounded friends!"

"Out of my way, boy!" said a tall, strapping fellow, as he pushed eagerly forward to pass the youth: "You're not our captain! Haven't you heard the order for retreat? and don't you know, if you stand here a minute, you'll be butchered and scalped by the bloody varnents around, who've hemmed us in?"

"Yes! yes!" cried most of the rest; "Jos Hinkins says right!"

"We'll all be killed if we stop here!" said one. "Turn back, Bill, and don't make a fool of yourself!" cried another.

"If we'd attempt to save the wounded, we'd surely soon want somebody to save us!" put in a third.

"There, boys—the red devils are a-coming like mad!" shouted a fourth.

With this they all set up cries of alarm, and plunged into the nearest thicket, where they met the very demons they were seeking to avoid—for there a considerable body of Indians fell upon them, and, gaining an advantage through their surprise and terror, tomahawks and scalped them to a man.

With a cheek red with shame, our young hero now darted forward and intercepted still another party, who had likewise begun their flight—and this time his appeal was listened to. Turning back, they stopped a small mounted party; and getting them to dismount, they began to pick up the wounded wherever they could find them, and place them upon the horses—which, as fast as loaded, they dispatched with a small escort toward the Ohio, nearly half a mile distant—the youth still exerting himself to cheer all parties.

While thus engaged in their work of mercy, a body of the Indians, about twice their number, came rushing down upon them; and another terrible encounter took place; during which the youth was struck by some four or five more balls—one shattering his left arm, three inflicting flesh-wounds upon different parts of his body, but none of them, fortunately, touching a vital part.

Finding the victory not so easy as they expected, several of their number having either been killed or wounded in this new encounter, the assaulting Indians suddenly drew back from our dauntless little band, and set off in pursuit of those who, judging from the eagerness of their flight, would not be likely to make so desperate a resistance.

"Three cheers for us, comrades!" cried the youth.

Three cheers were accordingly given, with hearty good will; and then they recommenced gathering up their wounded friends, there being now several of their own immediate party to be assisted likewise.

In his different encounters thus far, our young hero had broken every weapon—his rifle, knife, and tomahawk—and he now proceeded to re-arm himself. Having found and thrust two weapons into his belt, he picked up a rifle, and, holding it between his knees, his left arm hanging useless by his side, he coolly proceeded to load it with his right, all the while speaking encouragingly to those around him.

By the time this was completed, his companions were ready to set out for the river; but just as they were about to depart, a voice from another quarter of the field called out:

"Save me! save me! For the love of God, save me!"

"I know that voice," said the youth; "it is a brave fellow who calls on us; and we must save him, at all hazards!"

"I fear it's more than we can do to save ourselves," returned one; "the cursed Indians are at work all around us; and if we escape as it is, it'll be a miracle."

"Save me!" called out the voice again; "in humanity's name, don't let the savages butcher and scalp me! If I've got to die, I want to die in Old Kentucky, among my friends!"

This was an appeal hard to be resisted by brave men with feeling hearts; but it might have been resisted, nevertheless, and the poor fellow been left to his fate, had it not been for the gallant youth, who declared he would die on the field sooner than leave a companion in such a strait.

On reaching the spot where the poor fellow lay, they found him with one leg and one arm broken, and a serious wound in his breast. Lifting him up carefully, they hastily bore him to the only horse which was not yet laden; and carefully placing him upon the back of the beast, they were just in the act of setting forward, when the youth, who had been quickly darting over the field and examining the fallen, called out to them that there were two more yet with life, who must on no account be deserted. As two of the party ran back to pick them up, another small body of Indians—who for the last few minutes had been busy in a different quarter, and had now returned to the main field of slaughter—poured in upon them a close volley, and literally cut them down over the wounded they were assisting, at the same time rushing in upon them with brandished tomahawks and furious yells.

Finding there was no hope of saving any more, our young hero now ran back to the main party, shouting, "Let us give them a farewell volley!" which was immediately done—several of the savages in turn falling beneath the fatal aim of the Kentuckians.

"Now, then, for a retreat!" pursued the youth, who, though himself a mere private in the ranks, was listened to and obeyed with the deference due to an officer in full command. "Load up, men, and guard the wounded with your lives! In Heaven's name, do not desert them, whatever may be your fate! I will run forward and give notice of your approach, that those who set out ahead of us may not push off the last boat before we reach them."

"We'll all come in together, William, or you'll never see us again!" replied one of his comrades; and as they began to urge their horses forward, the youth darted into a thicket and disappeared in advance of them.

As he ran through the wood toward the river, his rifle thrown across his shoulder, his eye constantly on the alert for the foe, he passed over the gory corpse of many a companion, who had been overtaken, slain, scalped, and even stripped of his clothing—and which, in fact, at different intervals, marked the course of the retreat from that disastrous field of battle.

At last, faint and almost exhausted, our brave youth reached the bank of the river, just as the only boat at that point, heavily laden with the escaping fugitives, was in the act of being pushed from the shore. Here at the moment were, fortunately, none of the enemy—but above and below were sounds of conflict—and an attack was every instant expected.

"Hold, comrades!" he shouted, presenting his weak and bloody figure to their view. "I am just in advance of a few more of our friends, who are hurrying up with the wounded!"

"Get aboard yourself, if you want to," replied one; "but don't ask us to wait for any more—for another party would sink us—to say nothing of the savages, who may attack us here at any moment."

"Yes, jump aboard," said another; "and quick, too—or we'll have to leave you as well as them."

"Never!" returned the youth, with a mingled flash of pride and shame; "never will I desert my friends in such a cowardly manner! Until the others arrive, I will not put my foot aboard your boat, whatever may be the consequences."

"Then we'll have to leave you among the rest," called out a third; "for it's better a few should perish than all, and all will, if we stay here a minute longer."

He seized an oar as he spoke, and was about to

push off the boat, regardless of all lives save his own, when the youth, throwing his rifle across the roof of a fallen tree, pointed the muzzle at the breast, and exclaimed—

"Beware! the first man that sends that boat one inch from the shore until our comrades are aboard, I will shoot, so help me God!"

The man, knowing the youth, and knowing him to be one who would keep his word, at once threw down the oar, muttering some bitter curses upon his folly; but a few of the others, moved to feelings of shame and admiration by his heroic self-sacrifice, took part with our hero, and declared that all should escape, or all perish together. This



at once raised an altercation, and hot and angry words had begun to pass between the different parties, when, fortunately for all, the last escort arrived, and were immediately hurried on board—the boat, by this additional weight, being sunk to her very gunwale, so that it was feared another pound might swamp her.

The youth, who had meantime stood back, giving directions, and refusing to enter till the very last, on seeing the condition of things, told his comrades to push off at once, and he would find a way to save himself; and without waiting for a reply, he hurried up the stream a few yards, to where some horses stood panting, which had escaped from the field of battle, and selecting one of these, he, by great exertion, considering his weak and wounded condition, got upon his back, and forced him into the stream, and toward the opposite shore.

The moment the men in the boat perceived that the youth had fairly made his escape, they pushed off from the shore; but not a moment too soon, for they had scarcely got a dozen yards out, when a large body of Indians, who had been attacking the boats below, came hurrying up along the bank, and at once poured in upon them a heavy volley. Only one or two of them were wounded, however—most of the enemy's balls going wide of the mark—and with loud yells of defiance, the Kentuckians returned the fire, and then pulled eagerly for the opposite shore.

The wounded youth urged his horse toward the boat; but just before he reached it, another ball of the enemy struck him, and shattered his right arm; when, bending over, he seized the mane of the horse with his teeth, and so clung to him, till, overcome by pain and the loss of blood, he fainted and rolled from his back into the water, from whence he was rescued by his companions at great peril to themselves.

This heroic youth, who so self-sacrificingly saved his friends, and was himself most providentially preserved through many a perilous encounter besides those enumerated, subsequently rose to enviable distinction, and became one of the prominent men of the West. In 1810 he removed to Cincinnati, where he passed the remainder of his days. During the war of 1812 he was appointed Major General of the Ohio Militia; and, in 1829, Surveyor General of the public lands of Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan. He proved to be as noble in heart as he was brave in deed, and was ever noted for his public spirit and benevolence. He died in 1831; and the public were then called to mourn the loss, and do honor to the memory, of a distinguished fellow-citizen—the subject of our present notice—GENERAL WILLIAM LITTLE.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

FOR EXAMINERS of the "Lexus" we charge four cents a copy. "The Storm Scour" runs through eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "The Mystic Bride," eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "The Hebrew's Curse," ten numbers, price 40 cents; "Orion, the Gold Digger," fourteen numbers, price 56 cents; "Emma Davis," six numbers, price 24 cents; "Sarah Truitt," seven numbers, price 28 cents; "The Refugees," eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "Karnel, the Scout," twelve numbers, price 48 cents; "The Abducted Helms," seven numbers, price 28 cents; "The Wild Knight," five numbers, price 20 cents; "The Wife's Conquest," six numbers, price 24 cents; "The Widow of Toledo," nine numbers, price 36 cents; "The Island Princess," seven numbers, price 28 cents; "Rion, the Wanderer," seventeen numbers, price 68 cents; "Lady Claudine," eight numbers, price 32 cents; "The Pioneer Patriot," eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "The Crown Jewels," ten numbers, price 40 cents; "The Bride of an Evening," eleven numbers, price 44 cents.

We will mail to any address either of the above-named stories on the receipt of the sum stated; or we will mail all the numbers of the Lexus from June 7th, 1866, up to and including the number of March 13th, 1866—being ninety-three numbers in all, and containing all of these stories complete, on the receipt of \$3. This is certainly cheap reading for the most unaccountable blunders in his columns.

First.—We cannot tell you the cause of your hair turning gray at the age of twenty-four, nor can we prescribe a remedy therefor. It is probably occasioned by some secret internal disease, which will make itself known to you some day.

Second.—If a couple differ so radically in regard to their religious belief as to occasion trouble, or the apprehension of trouble between them on that account, they will run great risk of wrecking their happiness by marriage.

Third.—We know nothing about the establishment of which you inquire.

S. R. N.—We cannot agree with you that there may be circumstances in which a man is compelled to fight a duel although he is thoroughly convinced that dueling is wrong. It is impossible for a man to be placed in circumstances in which he is thoroughly convinced is wrong. What you say about dueling and death is mere boyish nonsense, and altogether unworthy of an intelligent man. A man can never be disgraced by refusing to do wrong, and as for death, that is a matter of small moment in comparison with the doing of a wrong act. Your doctrine is that of the conscienceless coward, and not of the Christian hero.

PATRICK HENRY.—You had better have the property conveyed to you in your full name, so as to avoid the possibility of trouble; though it would be sufficient to have it so conveyed as to be able to establish the fact that you are the person to whom the conveyance was made.

A SURPRISE.—If you had kept away from the low haunts you mention, you would have sustained no injury. Instead of grumbling at the Police, resolve to spend your time hereafter among respectable people, and you will be a great gainer thereby.

J. M.—Go to the place where you "can make \$300 a year," work the two years which the girl wishes you to "wait," save your money, and then marry.

H. C.—If the young lady is of age, she has a right to marry, but she should nevertheless treat her parents' wishes with tender respect, and desire for personal revenge or retaliation. In your own case, on meeting the man whom you say you most hate of all the men on earth, at the residence of the lady whom you hoped to win for a wife, your respect for her, your regard for her rights and feelings, should have prompted you to ignore, while in her presence, the fact that you and her other visitor were enemies. He was there on the same terms as yourself; he was her guest and friend, in her house, where you had no rights whatever, but were simply there on courtesy. Under such circumstances, she had a right to your good behavior—that much you were bound to pay to her. But you chose instead to attempt to commence a quarrel with, and insult, your enemy, who had the good sense and the good manners to take no notice of your ungovernable conduct. Of course the lady cannot help feeling insulted and aggrieved at your conduct, while she feels grateful to your rival for his forbearance. Let this be a caution to you for the future.

T. L.—No. A healthy child of four years is not "too young to have its education commenced." We take it for granted that by "education" you mean scholastic study and literary culture, and not the kind of education which there are so many conflicting opinions, some holding that no child under seven years of age should be taught anything, and others that mere infants should be taught everything they can be made to learn. The truth is, that such mental nutriment as a child can bear and digest without injury, should be given to it no matter what its age. It does not injure the most delicate child of the tenderest age to be taught that certain articles of furniture are chairs, tables, sofas, beds, &c., or that certain animals are horses, cows, lions, elephants, &c., &c. Nor would it hurt such a child to teach it the alphabet, or to read simple and interesting stories adapted to its taste, or the names of the days of the week, and the months of the year, or that the world is round, with many simple astronomical and geographical facts. Children are hurt by having the wrong kinds of studies forced upon them, rather than by having their education commenced at too early an age. In truth, education, either for good or evil, must be and is commenced at the first dawning of the intellect. Tares and wheat at once begin to grow upon the virgin soil—the tares springing spontaneously or being sown by circumstances, and the wheat by parental hands, or by a teacher's care, if at all.

J. A.—You lovers are unreasonable creatures. Why do you not exercise a little common sense and practical wisdom in these matters? If you would do so, perhaps you might make "the course of true love run smooth," in one instance, at least. Your sweetheart did right in respecting your unwarranted interference in her social matters. Because you got into a foolish quarrel with some of her most valued friends, it was no reason why she should at once break off her acquaintance with them, without inquiring into the facts and merits of the case, and endeavoring to bring about an adjustment of the difficulty. It would be a very good reason, however, for discharging you, inasmuch as your conduct, according to your own statement of it, was most ungentlemanly, unreasonable and selfish. Were you a boy of twelve, such behavior might be excusable; but in a man grown it should not be overlooked or forgotten except on hearty proofs of repentance, and ample apologies to all concerned.

Nemo made love to and entered into a marriage engagement with a young lady, whose old lover having been in California some four years, she despaired of seeing again. Nemo had made her valuable presents, and she had given him a hundred and fifty dollars wherewith to purchase her wedding outfit, when the Californian sweetheart returned, and threatened to shoot Nemo if he should attempt to marry her. This rather startled and nonplussed Nemo, especially as he plainly perceived that the lady preferred the very Californian, and he was to know whether he had better give up the girl and lose his money, or marry her and take his chance of being shot. If she prefers her old lover, you would be exceedingly foolish to marry her. Perhaps the Californian will refund the money you advanced for the wedding outfit. No man of proper spirit would wish to have his bride or wedding outfit paid for by a rival.

PARADE.—Before commencing your suit, you had better examine your ground thoroughly, and take down in writing what your witnesses will swear to, that your attorney may be enabled to judge what the chances of success are. If you could also get at what some of the witnesses on the other side will testify to, you might obtain some valuable hints, and be able to strengthen your case, and guard against attacks from unexpected quarters.

EASTON.—We should think that a young lady who had learned, beyond all question, that her beau is a confirmed gambler, would know what to do, and would do it at once. You should immediately discard him, and cut his acquaintance absolutely and forever by a rival.

A SUBCUT.—You should first ascertain what the relations of your friend with the young lady are. It would be dishonorable to take advantage of his friendship for, and confidence in, you, to promote your own selfish wishes.

HAT.—The woman to whom you refer, who is living long since tried for the murder of one of our citizens, is living in a retired manner in this city—or at least was doing so a few weeks ago.

W. C. M.—We do not furnish bound volumes of the LEXUS. The cost of binding would depend upon the style of the work and the bargain you should happen to make with the bookbinder.

A BAZAR.—By bringing suit against your husband for divorce and maintenance, you might compel him to pay a certain sum annually towards your support, if the facts are as you have stated, and you can prove them.

FEMALE ARTIST.—If you cannot get a husband who will help support you, and contribute liberally towards the raising of the domestic treasury, you had better remain single. Never marry a man who would let you support him.

J. M. L.—We know nothing about an air ship which the inventor crossed the Mediterranean sea.

THOIRAN GIRL.—Let the young man flirt as much as he pleases, and when he calls on you decline seeing him.

W. O. G.—Send the letter to the person for whom it was intended, with a note stating that you opened it by mistake.

LANDLORD.—This correspondent says that a company of thirty-four ladies and gentlemen stopped at his house some time since, had refreshments, and ordered a supper for which they were to pay a dollar a couple. While they were at supper, he began to pass round the table for the purpose of collecting the dollars of the board, when one of them requested him "not to disturb the company by such a piece of business, as he (the board) would see that he (the landlord) had his pay;" whereupon the latter paid no further attention to the matter, as he knew the young man who made the remark to be rich and well able to pay. Afterwards, when the landlord called upon him for the amount of the entire bill, which, including suppers and refreshments, amounted to \$39.25, the young gentleman said he should only pay his share of the bill, for his and his companion's supper, and the refreshments ordered personally by himself—that he never intended to become responsible for the total amount of all his comrades' bills, and supposed that after the supper was over, the landlord would collect the money of the company, and that he would then see that everything was squared up. All this is, of course, very unsatisfactory to the landlord, and he wants to know if he could make the young man pay the \$39.25. No. You must collect each man's share of the bill from the man himself. According to your statement, the young man did not promise to pay you the total amount of the bill.

DARKNESS.—No. The United States were not all originally settled by the English, nor half of them. Florida, the one first inhabited by whites, was settled by the Spanish, at St. Augustine, in 1565. California and Texas were also originally settled by the Spanish. New York was settled by the Dutch, at Albany, in the year 1614. New Jersey by the Dutch, at Bergen, in 1624. Delaware by the Swedes, at Cape Henlopen, in 1627. The French made the first settlements in Michigan, Illinois, Arkansas, Indiana, Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, Vermont, Georgia, Tennessee, Missouri and Minnesota, and we think Wisconsin and Iowa, though we are not certain as to those two States. The English settled Virginia, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine, Connecticut, Maryland, Rhode Island, North Carolina, South Carolina and Pennsylvania. The States settled by the French and those settled by the English, we have mentioned in the order of their settlement. The first settler in Kentucky was Daniel Boone, who erected his cabin in Boonesborough in 1775. Ohio was settled by emigrants from New England, at Marietta, in the year 1780.

TYRONE says a friend of hers has a beautiful little girl that comes to see her often. One day the child's mother, Mrs. Tyrone, a handsome needle-book which she said her daughter had found, but which Tyrone at once recognized as her own, and which she supposed the little girl had stolen. Not wishing to hurt the mother's feelings, she said nothing about the needle-book to her, and she said she would not say "how she can manage the matter without giving offence."

SANTA CLARA.—We think there is no harm in children's believing in Santa Claus and other good genies. Still, it is a matter which affords room for discussion.

OWENSON.—You made a great mistake, whereby your rival has gained a decided advantage over you. Had you had more experience, you would not have acted so foolishly. It is a common thing for young men who have not mingled in cultivated society enough to become thoroughly civilized, to act in the social circle like rowdies in a bar-room, whenever they fancy themselves insulted, or meet a person with whom they are at enmity. The fact is, that in the presence of ladies, or at the house of a friend, a man should never take any notice of an insult, or treat a personal enemy except with the most thorough politeness. His duty to the company overbalances his claim to the gratification of his own anger and revenge or retaliation. In your own case, on meeting the man whom you say you most hate of all the men on earth, at the residence of the lady whom you hoped to win for a wife, your respect for her, your regard for her rights and feelings, should have prompted you to ignore, while in her presence, the fact that you and her other visitor were enemies. He was there on the same terms as yourself; he was her guest and friend, in her house, where you had no rights whatever, but were simply there on courtesy. Under such circumstances, she had a right to your good behavior—that much you were bound to pay to her. But you chose instead to attempt to commence a quarrel with, and insult, your enemy, who had the good sense and the good manners to take no notice of your ungovernable conduct. Of course the lady cannot help feeling insulted and aggrieved at your conduct, while she feels grateful to your rival for his forbearance. Let this be a caution to you for the future.

INCIDENTS.—It is exceedingly difficult to get at the exact truth about such a man as Aaron Burr, or any other historical character. You have probably heard a statement of his case by some friend in whose veracity you have confidence, and afterwards on attending the trial of the case found it to be of quite a different complexion from that given it by your friend. Still you are confident that he meant to tell the truth about it, and would not intentionally deceive anybody. Such things are happening constantly; and it is a sad mistake at the truth about matters that are going on around us, how it is possible to get at the exact truth, or even come near it, about things which transpired half a century, or a century, or a thousand years ago?

CINCINNATI sends the following problem for solution by mathematical readers of the LEXUS. Suppose, when the days are just twelve hours long in latitude 45 degrees North, A and B start from that parallel at six in the morning to walk to D, situated east of the starting point, sixty miles distant, agreeing to travel towards the sun from six in the morning to the evening of each day, until they shall reach D. A travels at such a rate that he reaches D in six days and six hours, while B does not get in until the lapse of eight days, five hours and thirty-six minutes: how many miles does each travel in the morning and afternoon of each day?

A FARMER.—If your son has no moral education, and if you have no control or hold upon his feelings, we do not see how you are going to bring about his reformation. Perhaps you might do something towards it by taking him on an extensive tour of travel. As you say your income is large, and that you are willing to make any sacrifice to save your son from the ruin towards which he is now hastening, we would advise you to try travel. Take a few good and entertaining books along, and a complete set of the LEXUS, containing the stories you will see mentioned in another "Answer" in this number.

WASOR is living in a town where the inhabitants are divided into two factions of great virulence. If he takes sides with one faction the members of the other will be offended with him, and vice versa; and he wants to know how he can keep in with both. We do not know how to advise him, "sitting on the fence," and have no respect for a man who is afraid to stand up independently and fearlessly, and take any side he pleases. If you think both sides are wrong, say so, and ridicule and scathe them all. By an independent course you will secure their respect, while by a pusillanimous one you will gain only their contempt.

H. W. B. submits the following arithmetical puzzle for the amusement of the "smart boys" who read the LEXUS: When first the marriage knot was tied Between my wife and me, My age did ten years far exceed His; And three times three was mine; But when ten years and half ten years We man and wife had been, Her age did come as near to mine As light is to sixteen.

GOLDEN GATE.—We can tell you exactly what the price of second-class tickets to California will be the first of May next. The prices vary so frequently that it is impossible to say what they will be on any future day. The price of second-class tickets ranges from \$75 to \$200, according to the number of passengers and the degree of competition between rival lines of steamers. When there is an opposition line on, the prices are much lower. When you come to the city, be careful and avoid the bogus ticket-offices, or you will get swindled.

X. X.—You would not probably be made to pay anything by way of damages, if you should shoot the dog. The fact that he has bitten your little boy, and other children, and is notoriously known to be an ill-tempered and vicious brute, would be a sufficient justification in the mind of the public and of a jury, for your shooting him. According to your statement of the case, you could probably recover damages of the owner of the dog for the injury done to your child, and so could the parents of the other children that have been bitten by the animal.

MARY.—For the rules of etiquette, as laid down in the manuals, we care little. They are generally very hollow, and destitute of moral principle. Such were the celebrated inculcations of Lord Chesterfield, in his letters to his son. We vastly prefer the inculcations of the Bible to all such teachers of good manners as his lordship. When, then, we command courtesy, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we mean that which is based on moral principles—the golden rule, with its teachings of love to the neighbor, and of equal and exact justice to all men.

COLEMAN.—We can not say whether "Poland will ever be restored" or not. We think not. There is not sufficient intelligence among the peasantry to enable them to govern themselves, and until they can do that they might as well be fleeced by foreign as by native nobles and tyrants. No government is safe against foreign aggression and subversion in which the whole people do not have a voice.

SALAMON.—If you have the letters of the faithless swain, in which the promises were made, you will have no difficulty in sustaining your action against him. Be careful not to let those letters go out of your or your lawyer's possession before the trial. That attempt to borrow them may have been instigated by your old and faithless lover.

DAVIDSON'S LAW.—You should be very careful how you take part in the quarrel of your husband's relatives. You should act independently, and aim to do justice by all parties, while you rigidly abstain from mingling in their strifes. In this way you will save yourself from annoying entanglements.

A CRY READER.—If the business of your voice arises from a cold or some temporary disease, it can be cured by removing the disease. If it arises from some physical defect in the organs of speech, it cannot probably be cured, except by some exceedingly skillful physician, and perhaps it cannot be cured at all.

LEWIS.—It is indecent for a girl to ask her beau to take her to ride, and to places of amusement, and we don't blame you for being somewhat disgusted with such freedoms. After parties have become engaged, the case is different.

EXTRA.—There are plenty of places in Boston where you can get a good pianoforte, but we do not make a practice of calling attention to individual establishments. Get somebody who is a good judge of pianofortes to go with you, visit all the best establishments, and take your choice.

MARRIAGE.—You are quite right. That solution of the "arithmetical problem" is one of those provoking errors which once in a while crop into the most carefully-conducted newspaper.

* Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.